

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 29

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1925.

No. 52

Serious Coasting Accident

Fern Perry Receives Fractured Skull, Last Sunday.

Fern Perry, nine-year-old daughter of Joseph Perry, residing on the West Side was seriously injured in a coasting accident last Sunday afternoon.

She was coasting on the Smatts hill near her home, and in going down the hill at a rapid pace she ran head-on into an auto that was going up the hill.

She received a fractured skull and was rendered unconscious. A physician was summoned and she was taken to the Charlevoix hospital, where, at this writing, she had, not as yet regained consciousness.

To the Public

It is not often that the Management of The Temple Theatre takes occasion to personally recommend one of its attractions, but, in the case of "THE FRESHMAN" we would be remiss in our duty not to express a public appreciation of a great artist and a great work of art.

"THE FRESHMAN" brings forth a greater Harold Lloyd than we have ever known. There is more laughter in it than any picture he has ever produced—but there is something more. A touch of pathos, a bringing of that narrow path that divides comedy from tragedy—and makes laughter divine. We urge your attendance.

GLENN E. THOMAS, Manager
Temple Theatre, East Jordan.

Passes Away At Alix, Alberta

The Alix (Alberta) Free Press, contains an article relative to the death of Mrs. Jane Hudkins at that place, Nov. 28th. The lady was 82 years of age.

Mrs. Hudkins and her husband homesteaded in Wilson township, Charlevoix county, many years ago and continued to reside here up to 1905 when they took up a homestead in Alberta.

She is survived by four sons and daughters:—Harry of Alix, Alta.; Dan and Mrs. Rocher of Clive, Alta.; Chas. of Del Monte, Calif. Mrs. James Stackus of Boyne City is a sister of the deceased; Mrs. Walter Davis of East Jordan, a grand-daughter; Marion and Melvin Hudkins of East Jordan, nephews. The remains were buried at Clive, Alta.

K. P. Strengthened Lead In Indoor League

The strong K. P. team led by Captain Glenn Bulow won a very close and exciting game from the Methodist team last Monday night at the H. S. gym. The game was one of the best and closest played on the local floor this year. The K. P.'s started out strong but H. McKinnon pitching for the K. P.'s had a bad 5th inning and the Methodists came within one of tying but last the final punch of putting the one run across. The game ended 7 to 6 favor the K. P.'s. H. Whiteford and Bulow starred for the K. P.'s with Cort Haysa, Swafford and Whiteford playing the best ball for the Methodists.

In the second game of the evening the revamped Presbyterians went down to defeat 15 to 13. Seiler, Duncan and Malpass starring for the Presbyterians, and F. Nachazel and Weiler starring for the Holy Name. Next week the Masons meet the strong Methodist team at 7:00, and the Firemen play the Holy Name at 8:15.

Below are the standings of the different teams.

	Won	Lost	Percentage
K. of P.	3	0	1000
Masons	1	1	500
Firemen	1	1	500
Methodist	1	2	333
Presbyterians	1	2	333
Holy Name.	1	2	333

Probably the state was glad to get even the Fair buildings back.

Advertisers using our columns help make this paper a better newspaper. They invite you to trade with them and we hope that our readers will give them this pleasure.

As an indication of the development of water power consider the proposed construction of 100 dams on the Tennessee river, planned to develop 4,000,000 horsepower.

John A. Nickless Passes Away

John A. Nickless passed away at his home in this city Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, following a few weeks' illness from heart and kidney trouble.

John Alfred Nickless was born in London, England, March 15, 1851. On March 15, 1883, he was united in marriage to Hannah E. Harris at Davison, Mich. They came to East Jordan from Standish some seventeen years ago and have since made this place their home.

Deceased is survived by the bereaved wife and two daughters—Mrs. Wm. Martin of Standish and Mrs. Glenn H. Stiff of Detroit.

Short funeral services were held from his late home in this city Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Henry Hiles. The remains were taken to Standish, Wednesday, where funeral services and burial will be held this Saturday, conducted by Rev. Lees of Standish.

Was Pioneer Resident Of This Region

Mrs. Robert Price passed away at her home, 160 West Morland Ave., Lansing, on Thursday, Dec. 17th, following an illness of five months from paralysis.

Mary Esther Steele was born at Manitowoc, Wis., in 1850, her parents being Mr. and Mrs. Richard Steele. In 1870 she was united in marriage to Robert Price at Manitowoc. They came to Charlevoix County the same year, locating on a farm four miles north of East Jordan in Eveline township. They continued to reside there until 1917 when they moved to East Jordan, purchasing a home on North Main st. In 1922 they moved to Lansing to be near their sons and daughters.

Mrs. Price is survived by the husband and the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Maude Adams, Edd and Fred Price of Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Ida Salts, Bert and Harry Price of Dayton, Ohio.

She was a member of the Christian Science church, and of the Pythian Sisters organization.

Funeral services were held from her late home in Lansing, Friday afternoon under Christian Science auspices. The remains were brought to East Jordan Saturday and were laid to rest at Sunset Hill that afternoon, Rev. Sidebotham conducting the burial service.

Among those here to attend the burial were:—Robert Price, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Price, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Adams of Lansing; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Salts, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Price, H. S. Price, Mrs. Marie Simons, of Dayton, Ohio.

Elaine Harris Loses Fight to Hold Spouse

New York.—Mrs. Eleanor Elaine Lee Harris lost her appeal from the judgment annulling her marriage to Beverly Harris, a former vice president of the National City bank, when the appellate division affirmed the annulment.

Harris was awarded an interlocutory decree of annulment by Supreme Court Justice Wagner in June, 1925, after a jury which heard the case had recommended that an annulment be granted. The jury found Mrs. Harris guilty of misrepresenting her social status and moral character to Harris before their marriage. Harris filed his annulment suit in 1922.

Express Train Held Up; \$100,000 in Silks Stolen

Hackensack, N. J.—The Wells Fargo express train, 13, Chicago bound, and carrying no passengers was robbed between Hackensack bridge and H. B. Junction, N. J., of manufacturers' silks and expensive women's wear estimated at \$100,000 in value. The robbers are believed to have boarded the express just before it left the New York terminal.

May Drop Schall Contest

Washington.—The senate informed counsel for Magnus Johnson that unless specific charges were filed, the investigation in the contest filed by Johnson against Senator Schall, republican of Minnesota, would not be carried further.

Washington.—Ogden H. Hammond of New Jersey was nominated by President Coolidge to be ambassador to Spain.

Remember that no man is successful who is friendless. Making true friendships pays big dividends. Let us see how successful we can become during the coming year.

CHRISTMAS 1925

HERE is more wealth in the world than ever before and conditions for most of us are easier. There are large numbers of men and women living in this greatly blessed land who can well remember Christmas times when there was devout thanksgiving for enough to keep the wolf from the door. Is the world growing better? The answer is to be found in our own hearts and in the manner in which we have treated our fellow men. We have no claim on happiness, on prosperity, on comfort, except as we earn it by well-doing.

However proud we may feel of our achievements, it is for us to reflect that all blessings are merely granted to us and not created by us. Possibly they are only loaned to us, our reward here or hereafter, depending upon the way we have used them. The daylight, the sunshine, the beauties of nature, the pleasures of the seasons, the comforting rains, the crops and practically everything else that contributes to our welfare, come as gifts from Nature under the dispensation of an Authority we may not question and can but imperfectly conceive. There was One, however, who greatly cleared that conception and held up a light to guide us on the way. Under the constantly extending influence of His example and teaching, it is not possible to think of a time when His birthday will not mean an anniversary of joy.

Christmas delightfully excites one's imagination and films one's tenderest emotions. On this day we seem to see Father Time with a face less grim and leaning less heavily on his scythe. The merry laughter of children extends our faith and recreates our spirit. Love, peace, good will crowd out hate, suspicion, strife and gloom. So, bring forth the yule log or whatever serves as a substitute for it. Hang the holly and the evergreen. And, lest romance suffer from want of fostering, hang also the mistletoe, that sprig which times innumerable has worked magic in backward affairs of the heart. Our wish is that the day may be a completely happy one for all.

THE PUBLISHERS

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Mediums Fail In Tests

Under above caption the following article is being published in various papers throughout the Country, and this is taken from the Pathfinder of Dec. 12th.

The article is of interest to East Jordan people, as the lady was daughter of G. J. Zerwekh of Cherryvale, and Mr. Zerwekh informs The Herald that the article is correct.

Before her death in 1917 Mrs. J. A. Gilbert, of Portland, Ore., promised her husband that she would try to communicate with him from the spirit world after her death. They agreed upon a countersign by which Dr. Gilbert could recognize her messages. This secret countersign was kept under seal in a safety deposit vault.

Dr. Gilbert offered a reward to any medium who could receive a message from his wife, the evidence of such a message to be the secret countersign. Two hundred and ninety mediums claimed the reward, asserting that they believed they have received communications from Mrs. Gilbert.

The test was superintendent by the Scientific American which recently opened the supposed spirit messages from the various mediums. It was announced that none of them had even approached the countersign, which was "the naming of three events and three dates, these to be the birth of Dr. Gilbert, the birth of Mrs. Gilbert, the birth of their daughter, Dorothea, and the corresponding dates." The \$500 offer is still open to any medium who can obtain the correct dates through the "spirit" of Mrs. Gilbert.

Sec. Jardine reports farm prosperity. That is what the farmers have been hearing.

People forgive almost every offense except making them pay what they owe you.

Dog Licenses

All local owners of dogs within the City limits, please take notice that licenses are now due and payable, and must be paid on or before January 10th, 1926.

Dog Law as amended, Public act No. 322 L. A. 1925 (extracts).

Sec. 2 From and after June 15th, 1925 it shall be unlawful for any person to own (or harbor) any dog 4 months old or over unless licensed.

Sec. 6 On or before the first day of March 1926 and on or before the same date of each year thereafter, the owner of any dog four months old or over shall, except as provided in Sec. 14, apply to the County Treasurer in writing for a license for each dog owned or kept by him.

Such application shall state the breed, age, sex, color and markings of such dog, and the name and address of the last previous owner, and shall be accompanied by a fee of two dollars for each male dog, four dollars for each female dog, and two dollars for each unsexed dog; Provided that a penalty fee of two dollars be charged for each license applied for after January 10th, for any dog four months old or over on that date, such penalty fees to be placed in the general fund.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

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Tax Notice!

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for State, County, County Roads, and School purposes, are now due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store. If paid on or before January 10th, 1926, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent will be added.

G. E. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

23 FOUND GUILTY IN BIG DISTILLERY PLOT

Face Two-Year Prison Sentence and \$10,000 Fine.

Indianapolis.—Twenty-three men from St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago were found guilty in Federal court here of conspiracy to violate the national prohibition laws in connection with withdrawal of 30,000 gallons of prewar whisky from the Jack Daniel distillery at St. Louis.

Twenty of the men are from St. Louis, where several of them are prominent in politics; two are from Cincinnati and one from Chicago.

December 30 was set by Judge Robert C. Baltzell for passing sentence. A maximum sentence of two years in may be assessed.

Among those convicted were: Arnold J. Heilmink, former collector of internal revenue; Nat Goldstein, Republican leader and former clerk of the Circuit court; State Senator Michael J. Kinney, Michael J. Whalen, former alderman, and William J. Kinney, deputy internal revenue collector, all of St. Louis.

Mrs. Ada Gehrum, John Gehrum and August Walter, Cincinnati, were exonerated by the jury.

When the wash woman begins to call for the family wash in a sedan it's about time that friend wife dug up the family washboard again.

It is estimated that in spite of friendly and frenzied warnings at least sixteen tons of Santa Claus whiskers will be burned up again this year.

Speaking about dumb animals, did any of you folks ever inquire the way at a roadside restaurant?

What's become of the old-fashioned kid who used to hide out in the hay loft to read a Diamond Dick novel?

Maybe the five-day marriage law would work out better if the state was to issue "license applied for" plates.

Second Good Roads Essay

John Dutcher, Charlevoix H. S. Student, Winner.

The winner of second prize in the good roads essay and cross-word puzzle contest recently staged by "Uncle" Geo. H. Van Pelt, concrete road advocate, is John Dutcher, high school student, of Charlevoix.

Mr. Dutcher handled the topic in a very satisfactory and intelligent manner, showing that the younger generation fully realizes what good roads mean to Charlevoix county, especially a drive of concrete around Pine Lake. The essay follows:

"A good road—a concrete road—if properly constructed around Pine Lake would be of many advantages. First, because of the invaluable advertising that it would give to Charlevoix and surrounding territories. Second, because of its scenic value. Third, because of our resort proposition. And fourth, because Charlevoix county depends upon the resort trade and the farming for its prosperity.

"The present roads which surround the beautiful drive consist of tar and gravel, which are decidedly bumpy. A new packed gravel road is a fair road for a short time only. Then by heavy traffic and lots of it, it becomes a curse something which the tourists and sight-seers have, and will always avoid. It is known far and near that the drive around Pine Lake is the most beautiful drive in Northern Michigan; yet to see this, one must suffer to drive over roads that take the pleasure from it, not only unpleasant for the occupants of the car but detrimental to the car itself. At some of the most beautiful spots of the drive we find the road is in a most precarious and dangerous condition. There is room for but one machine, and on each side of the road there is quite a bit of mire making it impossible to pass another without grave danger. Let us take the tourist for example and consider the amount of money which he leaves behind him. If he stays in our fine auto camp he is sure to hear about our beautiful drive and nine times out of ten he will stay one day more than he had intended, thus he leaves his money for camping expenses and his meals, besides the other things that tourists are always buying. Perhaps after seeing it he will desire to purchase a piece of property and build him a summer home. And if this road were built people will be more likely to buy the land and improve it. The valuation of property is at the present time worth from \$25.00 an acre to \$500.00 per acre. A good concrete road would advance this land to about \$2500.00 an acre and all adjacent property will advance in proportion.

Also by increasing value of lake shore property it would have a tendency to lower the rate of taxation, and property more distant would also benefit. There is about 52 miles of this drive, of which about two miles are already concrete. Providing a part of this proposed road could be made a part of a trunk line system the cost of building and maintenance would be born by the state. Otherwise the county will have to bear the full cost."

Thus I have endeavored to show that it is as "Uncle George" says: "And 'fore I'm through, I'm going to prove what good roads really "AM," And show the people Soft Stuff pikes Ain't wu'th a Ticker's D—!"

It takes CONCRETE to the job With any satisfaction. The gravel trails are outta date—Let's have some speed and action!"

Canada's dream of paying off her national debt with the revenue from four-point-four seems to have met the same fate as perpetual motion.

Mrs. Kip Rhinelandt has gone to Florida to recuperate after the trial. According to Kip, the lady won't have to worry any about getting a winter coat of tan.

PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH Through thoughtlessness the slight cough or cold of a child is often neglected and becomes serious. A few doses of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND, at small cost, taken at the onset of the cold brings speedy relief. Be prepared, have a bottle of this safe, reliable cough remedy on hand, and give promptly when a cough or cold is detected. Equally effective for older persons. Demand FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

GENERAL PROSPERITY REPORTED BY MELLON

Prospects for Continued Good Times in U. S. Reflected in Statement.

Washington.—The general prosperity of the nation and prospects for continued good times was reflected in Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's annual report made public here.

On the strength of this outlook Secretary Mellon urged continuation of the rapid retirement of the public debt and took sharp issue with those who advocate extending debt retirement over a period of 62 years, during which time foreign debtors are to pay their obligations to this country.

"The last year has been a period of genuine prosperity for practically all classes," says Secretary Mellon. "Corporate profits are running higher than for any year since 1919. Employment has been good, prices comparatively stable, and trade on a high level as reflected in record car loadings and bank debits to individual account. While production has been high, it has been a rule well adjusted to the rate of consumption and has not resulted in a general accumulation of large stocks. The automotive and building industries have continued to operate at a high level, and foreign trade has been increasing."

Secretary Mellon reviews progress made in the handling of debts and points to an improvement in world conditions generally.

Reviewing business conditions, Secretary Mellon says the situation has been highly satisfactory, the progress of public economy and public debt retirement contributing to this situation. He points out in this connection the danger of making a greater tax reduction than is justified by prospective surpluses.

The report, however, contained a note of warning not to allow undue speculation in real estate or too unlimited buying on credit to undermine the basically sound condition. The Florida land boom evidently is the basis for a part of the warning.

Secretary Mellon said there was a tendency "for the consuming public to buy every conceivable commodity on time and to mortgage future earnings," but added that business men were conducting their affairs with caution and restraint in order that prosperity might not bring carelessness.

The secretary then turned to the question of prohibition enforcement, which devolves upon his department, and said that he expects a marked advance in prohibition enforcement as a result of the recent reorganization.

Ask Congress to Rush

Four Waterway Projects

Washington.—Delegates attending the national rivers and harbors congress adopted resolutions calling on congress for the prompt completion of four national water transportation projects, including the Mississippi river system and the improvement of the Great lakes. The others asked, all four of which it is said have been authorized by congress, were ocean harbors and intra-coastal and other inland waterways. It was estimated that \$200,000,000 would be needed to complete the projects and it was recommended that congress appropriate each year the amount recommended by the chief of engineers of the army.

Food Prices Show Gain

of Two to Five Per Cent

Washington.—With the advance of winter the retail cost of food showed a sharp rise during November, ranging from 2 per cent in Washington and Boston to 5 per cent in Louisville, Ky., and Butte, Mont., the Department of Labor announced. Other cities reported increases as follows: Bridgeport, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mobile, New Haven, Omaha, Portland, Me.; Richmond, Va., and Rochester, 4 per cent.

Roosevelts Arrive in

Delhi With Ovis Poli

Delhi, India.—Kermit Roosevelt arrived here from his successful shooting expedition as one of the leaders of the James Simpson-Field-Roosevelt expedition in the Tian Shan and Pamir ranges of Central Asia, where the party secured a fine group of the ovis poli, or "Marco Polo sheep." The party will go from Delhi to Calcutta for a visit with Lord Reading.

Peoria-Des Moines Rum

Runners Get Long Terms

Des Moines, Iowa.—Five of the six men who pleaded guilty to the Peoria-Des Moines liquor conspiracy case were sentenced to 10 months in the federal penitentiary by Judge Andrew Miller. W. D. Hunnell, who turned state's evidence, was fined \$1,000.

Gives Y. W. C. A. \$1,000,000

Chicago.—Cyrus H. McCormick translated into enduring form the devotion to girls' work which his wife, Harriet Hammond McCormick, manifested until her death when he gave \$1,000,000 to the Y. W. C. A. of Chicago, for the construction of a testatory memorial building.

Utah Records Earthquake

Salt Lake City.—The seismograph of the University of Utah recorded an earthquake.

SENATORIAL HOSTESS



With the reopening of congress the social duties of Mrs. King, wife of Senator William H. King, of Utah, again assume large proportions as Mrs. King is one of the most charming of the senate's hostesses.

PRESIDENT'S BUDGET ESTIMATE FOR 1927

Figures Show Increase of \$154,420,861 Over 1926.

Washington.—President Coolidge's estimates for federal government needs during the fiscal year 1927, beginning July 1, are shown in the following table:

Legislative establishment	\$ 16,498,381
Executive office	441,980
Independent Offices	
Civil service commission	1,001,593
Employees compensation commission	8,748,040
Federal board of vocational education	8,210,620
Federal trade commission	997,000
General accounting office	3,714,400
Housing corporation	674,598
Interstate commerce commission	6,033,309
Public buildings and public parks	2,293,860
Tariff commission	699,000
Shipping board and emergency fleet corp.	14,198,574
Smithsonian inst. and Nat'l museum	858,240
United States veterans' bureau	458,965,000
Other independent offices	4,378,876
Department of Agriculture	140,717,768
Department of Commerce	30,402,847
Department of the Interior	250,967,602
Department of Justice	24,387,027
Department of Labor	8,507,305
Navy department	222,369,430
State department	18,614,932
Treasury department	157,569,713
War department, incl. Panama canal	335,641,525
District of Columbia	35,628,579
Total, ordinary	\$1,845,546,980
Reduction in principal of public debt	515,588,298
Interest on public debt	795,000,000
Total payable from treasury	\$8,156,130,358
Post-office dept. and postal service (payable from postal revenues)	740,077,563
Total, including postal service	\$8,896,207,921

The estimated figures for 1927 show an increase of \$154,420,861 over the appropriations for 1926. This compares with a budget bureau calculation of \$160,083,320. The difference is accounted for by the fact that appropriations made for public debt retirement and interest did not coincide with actual requirements.

Export Board Would Control Farm Prices

Washington.—A bill to create an export board to fix prices on farm commodities was introduced in the senate by Senator Shipstead of Minnesota. The bill is similar in principle to the McNary-Haugen bill. It proposes government price control in much the same manner as interstate and state commerce commissions fix rates for railroads, gas and electric companies and other public utilities.

Senator Shipstead says the purpose of the bill is to fix an American price for the American farmer and place him on a level with other industries.

Veterans' Bureau Requires \$314,965,000 for Activities

Washington.—An appropriation of \$314,965,000 is needed for veterans' bureau activities during the fiscal year 1926-1927, exclusive of hospital construction and adjusted service certificate funds. Director General Hines estimated in his annual report. Mr. Hines' report declares that in no other year has "the service of the veterans' bureau been brought to the disabled veterans" as it has in the last year.

Canada's Lumber King Dies

Ottawa, Ont.—Canada's lumber king, Ottawa's grand old man, J. R. Booth, died here at the age of ninety-eight. Princess Lolla, his granddaughter, wife of Prince Eric of Denmark, is at present in Denmark.

Feng to Enter Tientsin

Peking.—General Feng Yu-Hsiang, the Christian general, has taken Yangtsun on the Peking-Tientsin railway and expects to enter Tientsin in his advance against Marshal Chang Fwo-Lin.

Americans Guard Train

Peking.—With a detachment of American infantry aboard as a guard, an international train under the direction of foreign officials left Peking for Tientsin.

HOUSE BODY FAVORS SEPARATE AIR UNIT

Would Have It Equal of the War and Navy Departments.

Washington.—The special house aircraft committee, headed by Representative Florian Lampert (Rep., Wis.), agreed upon the adoption of a report calling for a separate department of national defense which would abolish the War and Navy departments as such, but would not necessarily give the air service a footing of equal importance. The report further demands a definite air building program over a period of five years with an annual appropriation of \$20,000,000.

The committee also urges the creation of a bureau of civil aeronautics. Representative Reid (Rep., Ill.), counsel for Col. William Mitchell before the army court-martial, who is a member of the Lampert committee, will file a supplementary brief advocating a unified air service, such as championed by Colonel Mitchell.

In a reassuring report on the condition of aviation in the United States, the national advisory committee for aeronautics informed President Coolidge that America is at least abreast of other progressive nations in the technical development of aircraft for military purposes.

President Coolidge immediately transmitted the report to congress with a letter in which he declared that the committee's opinion on America's aircraft standing, as compared with that of other nations, was the most authoritative that could be had.

Legislation creating a bureau of air navigation in the Department of Commerce for the purpose of aiding commercial navigation was urged by the committee and approved by President Coolidge.

S. H. Thompson Heads Farm Bureau Federation

Chicago.—S. H. Thompson was elected head of the American Farm Bureau federation at the close of the organization's annual meeting at the Sherman hotel. Thompson defeated O. E. Bradute of Xenia, Ohio. By acclamation Mr. Thompson was elected unanimously. Mr. O'Neal, without opposition, was re-elected vice president of the federation. Mr. Thompson leads the group of farmers who are fighting for the enactment of a federal bill that will include the principles of the McNary-Haugen measure, rejected by congress.

Tacna-Arica to Hold Plebiscite on April 15

Arica, Chile.—The date for the Tacna-Arica plebiscite has been set for April 15 next, with January 15 as the date when the commission will pass on the electoral regulations and February 15 for registration.

The motion to set these dates was made by General Perahing, who represents President Coolidge, the arbiter in the dispute. It was supported by Senor Salomon of Peru.

Senor Augustin Edwards, Chilean representative, bitterly opposed the April date. He wanted February 1 set as the date for the plebiscite.

Vote to Open Baseball Season One Week Earlier

New York.—The salary of Bancroft B. Johnson, president of the American league, was increased from \$80,000 to \$40,000 and his contract extended from 1925 to 1935 at the annual meeting of league officials. Frank J. Navin of Detroit was re-elected vice president. The magnates voted to begin the season April 18 and close September 26, one week earlier than formerly, in order to try to find better weather and avoid competition between the football season and the world's series.

Amelia Bingham, Actress, Bound and Robbed

New York.—Amelia Bingham, noted as a millionaire actress, was bound and gagged, along with her parlor maid and her seamstress, in a bedroom of her residence, 108 Riverside drive, by two young bandits, who made off with \$1,500, mostly in jewelry. She succeeded in diverting their attention from a bag containing \$20,000 in cash and valuables.

Mrs. Bingham is the widow of Lloyd Bingham, who died while on the Ford peace mission.

Iowa Farmers Decide to Hold Corn for \$1.15 Bu.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Resolutions suggesting that farmers hold their corn until they are able to secure \$1.15 a bushel for it on the Chicago market were unanimously passed at the closing session of the National Corn Growers' association here.

Asks Russian Recognition

Washington.—Chairman Borah of the foreign relations committee of the United States senate introduced a resolution in the senate calling for the recognition of the Soviet government of Russia.

Approves Boundary Treaty

Dublin.—Ireland's Dall Eitrem ratified the treaty settling the boundary dispute between south and north Ireland. The vote as recorded was 71 to 20.

The Christmas Owl

By Mary Graham Bonner

CHRISTMAS had come to the city. There was no snow on the ground, nor did any icicles hang from the eaves, nor were any ponds covered with ice. But there was Christmas in the city just the same.

The very air was like Christmas. It was cold and clear, crisp and vigorous. Even the scent of Christmas was in the air. Outside the grocery shops were piles of Christmas trees ready to be sold, and there were great bundles of Christmas trimmings.

Every shop wore a Christmas look. The windows were decorated with red ribbons, wreaths, toys, calendars, cards, brightly decorated boxes filled with candies, tempting gifts.

People were hurrying, crowding into the shops, jostling each other, but in a good-natured Christmas shopping fashion.

Children were about. The Christmas holidays had commenced.

Ann had finished her Christmas shopping. Yet she could not stay away from the shops.

It would be pleasant, she thought, to walk through them, watching the



She Was Walking Through the Aisles, Seeing Everything.

crowds, seeing the novelties that kept coming in for sale, joining the gay hurry of the near-Christmas period.

She walked along quickly. Not because she was in a hurry, but because she could not help hurrying. Christmas hurry was in the air.

It was a splendid experience to have all her Christmas shopping finished and to enjoy the shops in this fashion.

Perhaps, since they were so crowded anyway, she should have stayed at home.

But she did not think that was necessary. She did not take up the time of any of the sales girls, nor did she push her way in to stand by the counters.

She simply walked along the streets, going from time to time into the shops, walking through the aisles, seeing everything, and thoroughly enjoying herself.

All those presents that she was sending by post had gone off. All those presents she was going to deliver were wrapped up and written on and all ready for Christmas Eve, when she went to call on her friends in the city.

They lived, many of them, far apart, but she began her rounds early Christmas Eve, and stayed out until late. Friends she hardly saw during the year because the city kept her so busy and kept them so busy, and because the distances were so great, all had a hurried Christmas call from her on Christmas Eve.

They expected her on Christmas Eve—some time or other. No one went to bed early. It did not matter how late she called.

The next day would come quickly. No day came more quickly in the year than the day of Christmas came after Christmas Eve.

She would see Billy and she would see Norton on Christmas Day. She wondered what they would give her. Norton always gave her beautiful presents. Of course he had more money than Billy, but his presents always had more reason for being than Billy's.

But she almost liked Billy's presents best—impulsive, perishable kinds of presents were the ones Billy chose.

Yet Billy's impulsiveness was not of a perishable variety. There was great stability about Billy and loyalty and steadfastness, too.

But, then again, Norton was so devoted, so constant, so brilliant. She admired Norton immensely and thought a great deal of him. She admired Billy, too. Billy was just a dear.

They had both asked her to marry. She had promised she would have her mind quite made up by Christmas. That was why she had asked them both to see her that day—though usually she never saw people from the outside world on Christmas Day. Usually it was a day exclusively for the family.

It was strange, she thought, as she walked through the shops, that she had so much to decide and yet she was spending her time like this.

She should be home, or off where it was quiet somewhere, deciding. She had always imagined when she had been young that marrying would be so simple a matter, with scarcely any thought attached to it.

At the age of thirteen she had pictured to herself a wonderful man who combined all attractions, asking her to marry him. And she would murmur a very sweet, a very shy, a very loving "Yes."

And now at the age of nineteen it was quite different. There were Billy and Norton—both of them. Her family liked them both. She liked them both. How strange it was that one could like two men—could not know at once which one of them was the one with whom she wanted to spend the rest of her life.

Yet this was the case. But she had recently made up her mind to make up her mind!

Norton was coming to see her at four. Billy at seven.

And then her thoughts wandered from both of them once more and she was completely fascinated and interested by the shops.

She loved every Christmas touch. She loved every single decoration.

Oh, there was a little table right at the entrance of one of the shops into which she had just come. It was filled with novelties, ornaments, odds and ends of possible gifts.

Something on the table took her eye. It was a little candlestick made of green and made in the shape of an owl.

There was something particularly appealing to her in the expression of the owl. He looked so amused at all this. He almost seemed to be amused that he was here, as a Christmas novelty.

He looked as though he would always cheer a person—there was something so droll about his expression as though he wanted to say that he found life, even in his candlestick form, very amusing, very simple, and certainly not worth any worries.

She had no need for the candlestick. She seldom, hardly ever, used a candle. And they had several old candlesticks at home anyway. Still she could not help wanting the owl—wanting it absurdly. She was never like this—wanting useless, pointless ornaments. But she did want this owl. She asked his price. It was not high.

And then, a funny idea came to her. She went to a telephone and called up Norton. "I'm down town shopping," she said. "Yes, you knew the hour was for four tomorrow. I'll be home. And oh, Norton, I just saw the most adorable little candlestick. It's an owl—with such a funny expression. No, it hasn't any real value. Oh no, not an antique. No, no need of it at all. Yes. I'll see you tomorrow."

She called up Billy. The conversation, on her part was much the same. But Billy's had been different. Norton had not been much interested in that absurd owl about which she had spoken. He had not detected the note in her voice of eagerness for the funny little owl, and all the funny little things he stood for. Had he been of value, of actual beauty, Norton would have thought she had wanted it. He did not understand. But Billy's answers were different.

"Why don't you get him? Never mind if he is absurd and if there isn't any value to the thing. You want it, don't you? Get it as a little extra thing from me. Promise me you will?"

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NR TONIGHT Tomorrow Alright

A vegetable... improves the digestive and eliminative system, relieves the rheumatism, headache and...
Used for over 50 years

Chips off the Old Block
MR JUNIORS—Little Mr
One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.
SOLD BY YOUR DRUG

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Rochester—The Rochester postoffice was destroyed by fire early Thursday. The blaze started in the basement and spread rapidly. No mail was destroyed, but much was badly soaked with water.

Albion—Rev. Carl Smith, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., former Albion young man and son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, of this city, has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church of Grand Ledge, Mich.

Albion—Succeeding Harold B. Norman, of Reed City, and George Price of East Tawas, resigned, Allen Renshaw, of Bronson, and Wendell Edwards, of Royal Oak, have been elected editor and business manager, respectively, of the Albion college Pleiad.

Saginaw—Manager J. George O'Brien, of the Automobile Club of Northern Michigan, has announced that B. R. Ricksen of Detroit, former manager of the Detroit branch of the Detroit Auto club, has been named manager of the Bay City club, effective January 1.

Holland—According to Captain C. A. Lippincott, the Holland coast guard is to retain its usual crew, during January and February, during which months the station usually was closed. Since all-year traffic now prevails the station has been ordered to remain open.

Pontiac—C. A. Melick and C. S. Boehler, engineers of the state highway department, with City Manager C. W. Ham and city and county engineers recently inspected the proposed plans for widening Saginaw street to conform to wider Woodward avenue. The city has asked the state to approve the plans.

Lansing—The State Conservation Commission will place augmented corps of trappers in the northern Michigan woods this year in an effort to eradicate wolves and other predatory animals it was announced recently. A number of complaints that wolves are killing deer have been received from Upper Peninsula counties.

Ypsilanti—Mayor Hugh E. Vandewalker, of this city, has set what is said to be a world's record for one month's life insurance work by obtaining applications for 717 policies, totaling \$1,370,350. The work was done in the course of a contest conducted by the company in which prizes were offered to the agent doing the greatest amount of business in one month.

Monroe—The city commission has adopted a resolution fixing December 30 as the date for a special election to choose a municipal judge, following the official canvass of the vote polled on December 7 on the question of consolidation of courts. The new judge will assume his duties January 1, and will receive a salary of \$6,200. He must be a lawyer, the commission ruled.

Ann Arbor—Dr. Francis W. Kelsey, director of Near East Research and head of the Latin department of the University of Michigan, has been elected a foreign correspondent of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, of Paris, according to a report received here. The appointment was made in honor of Dr. Kelsey's work in the excavation of Carthage last spring as a member of the Franco-American party.

Ypsilanti—Training of the new women's band at the State Normal College here will begin immediately after the reopening of the school following the Christmas holidays, according to an announcement by Prof. John F. Barnhill, faculty manager of the organization. More than 100 students have been enrolled as prospective members. The girls were asked to express a choice as to instruments when enrolling and 32 chose the saxophone.

Port Huron—Leo O'Brien, one of two men bound over to the Circuit Court on a charge of conspiring to defraud three insurance companies by a fire which partially destroyed their grocery store at 2726 Little street, has changed his plea from not guilty to guilty, and has been ordered to appear before Judge Eugene F. Law for sentence. His partner, William Rowland, who also pleaded not guilty, will appear for examination tomorrow.

Battle Creek—A combination of the Postum Cereal company of this city and New York with the Jell-O company, Inc., of Batavia, N. Y., is about to be affected if stockholders of the two concerns will vote approval of plans made by their officers. There have been rumors for the last few days of a deal whereby the Postum Cereal company would acquire a majority of the Jell-O company stock, or vice versa, the sum mentioned as the acquiring price being \$30,000,000.

Grand Rapids—The directors of the Michigan Bell Telephone company, who met here Thursday, authorized the expenditure of \$6,855,000 in extensions to telephone plants throughout the state. Of this amount \$2,150,000 is for Detroit. Expenditures in Grand Rapids from this appropriation will total \$750,000, which is in addition to the \$3,000,000 expended here the last two years. The directors inspected the Grand Rapids plants where progress is being made on the actual merger of the old Citizens' Telephone company's property with the Michigan Bell.

Owosso—Twenty-one employees of the Osburn & Sons' Store here will receive \$367.14 each from the estate of the late James L. Osburn, the last of the line of Osburns who conducted the business since 1857.

Homer—Charles Williams, 31 years old, of Albion, was drowned recently when a coupe in which he was riding went over a bridge inside the city limits of Homer. Homer Deming, 16, of Homer, dived into the icy water and recovered the body but efforts at resuscitation were fruitless.

Benton Harbor—A bill asking congress to appropriate \$160,000 for the construction of a new postoffice building here was introduced last week by Representative John C. Ketcham. An appropriation of \$10,000 for the purchase of a postoffice site at Sturgis was also asked by Ketcham.

Ionia—The Ionia Exchange club will have as its guest and speaker, Mayor John W. Smith, of Detroit, next Tuesday noon. He will come to this city through an invitation of Mayor Fied W. Green, chairman of the club's program committee. The banquet is expected to be the largest ever held by the club and will be staged at Reed Inn.

Lansing—Lansing is to turn back time in its flight and hold an old time dancing party. Through the efforts of the general guild of the St. Paul's Episcopal church, the interest of Mrs. Henry Ford has been enlisted in aiding plans for such a party here the evening of December 18. The affair will be held in the 119th Field Artillery armory.

Lansing—The state conservation commission, meeting here recently, authorized John Baird, director, to set aside from four to eight sections of state-owned land in Montmorency county for a state game reserve. The land is about nine miles from the Turtle Lake hunting club. Territory surrounding the reserve will be open to the public for hunting.

Saginaw—The Saginaw county clerk has received a petition from seven members of the committee on roads and bridges of the Allegan county board of supervisors urging Saginaw supervisors to take action against any repudiation by the state of the state reward monies due the counties amounting to over \$6,000,000. The petition was referred to the next session of the supervisors, which will be Monday.

Pontiac—To investigate the possibility of procuring for Pontiac an airplane factory, as suggested in a recent statement from E. Leroy Pelletier of Detroit, R. G. Neal, president of the Pontiac Board of Commerce, has appointed a committee. Pelletier told the board there was a possibility that Eddie Rickenbacker would locate such a factory here. A petition presented by the Pontiac realty board asked that immediate action be taken on the matter.

Menominee—Dead for at least 10 days while his wife and six children awaited his return, the body of Henry Frock, 44 years old was found recently deep in the woods where the man had frozen to death after being injured by a falling tree he had cut down. Frock was accustomed to visit his family every week end and when he failed to come home for two Sundays in succession, his wife became alarmed and started an inquiry which resulted in the finding of the body.

Lansing—Another chapter in the governor's reorganization of the Michigan State Fair was written last Tuesday when the fair board met here. In addition to the announcement of the personnel of committees intended to perform various managerial functions in connection with the fair, the governor was expected to disclose the findings of the recent administration audit that was made of the fair books. He also was expected to make a pronouncement of policy to be followed in future expositions.

Mt. Pleasant—With the ruins of Central Normal's administration building still smoking, following the \$500,000 fire which destroyed the main building and library, the faculty and student body were rallying to supply the needs of the moment. All classes were held Monday afternoon as usual. Workmen were razing the few parts of the wall yet standing, so that access may be gained to the large safes which have the records of the school. The fire, of unknown origin broke out early last Monday morning.

Monroe—Dr. Dennis Dawe defeated Mayor James S. Gilmore by a vote of 2,130 to 999 in the municipal election held recently. Dr. Dawe, who is a former representative, carried all six precincts of the city. Alexis Navarre, the third candidate for mayor, received 100 votes. It was reported that 60 per cent of the voters were women. Those elected as city commissioners were: George Dans, Arthur Navarre and Charles Curson while Frank Daiber, Theodore Wells and William Dusablon did not have opposition.

Lansing—Statistics published recently by the census bureau at Washington, show that farms in Michigan are decreasing in numbers and size. The condition is one that is also reported by most other states in the series of summaries the bureau has been issuing. The number of farms in Michigan, according to the 1923 figures, is 192,834, compared with 196,247 in the census of 1920, and their average area was 98.8 acres this year compared with 96.9 acres five years ago. The value per acre was also declining.



Win Cup for Radio Excellency



During each competitive gunnery and engineering year, the San Diego destroyer men are continually on the alert to win high honors. The President Coolidge cup for excellence in communication was awarded recently to the Destroyer Litchfield. The cup is awarded annually to the ship attaining the highest score in the combined radio and visual signalling competitions. This picture shows the enlisted men that won the cup, left to right, standing: R. M. Laden, J. R. Elliott, William Tober. Kneeling: R. B. Brighton and Noel Whitcomb.

STIRRING UP GERMS

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

THEY were talking about the various methods of scattering germs and spreading disease when the colored porter came into the car for his final skrimish with the whisk broom before touching the passengers for his tip at the end of the journey. "Brush you off?" he asked ingratiatingly of one of the doctors. "That's just exactly what I was talking about," the disciple of Esculapius exclaimed. "Here's one of the finest little systems of spreading germs that ever was invented. The porter brushes me off, and then he brushes you, and every one else, and sets up a lot of germs to be breathed in and start disease. Germs ought not to be disturbed in public; it's dangerous."

The porter grinned, standing on one foot and then on the other. "Oh, come on, doctah," he said, "and let me brush you off. What little breshin' I do ain't 'goin' to disturb no germs." His work was a mere formality. He expected only to go through the motions. There was no enthusiasm or thoroughness in his accomplishment. I used to wonder why Gilmore did not seem to get on with the firm with whom he was employed. I knew that he had held the same job for ten years or so, and that finally he lost it entirely.

"What was the matter with Gilmore?" I asked the head of the firm one day when we were talking together. "He showed no interest in his work," was the reply. "He dragged himself to work in the morning as eagerly as if he were going to a hanging or his own funeral. He put no energy into his work. He showed no enthusiasm. We let him go because he was such a dead one."

It was another case of stirring up no germs, of simply going through the motions. I had Gordon in my office for four years, and he was one of the most enthusiastic workers I have ever known. When he set about rearranging things in the store room, I knew it would be thoroughly done, that the remotest corner would be investigated and every elusive envelope run to cover. When he went through the files for me, there was nothing left without examination. No germs were left undisturbed; he did the

business thoroughly. "I never got up in the morning," he wrote me when he was leaving, "sorry to have to go to work. I always liked it. It was a pleasure to see how much I could get done, and how well. I don't remember that I ever looked at the clock eager for quitting time." People who don't know anything about it say that Gordon has been lucky. They can't understand how he has gotten on so fast when there are men who have been with the firm twice as long as he has who are still holding their old jobs. I know. He stirs things up when he has the whisk broom in his hands. He puts life into his work and energy. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Will Coach Navy Crew



"Bob" Butler, for two years assistant to Coach "Rusty" Callow of the University of Washington, who has accepted the position of coach for the Navy crew.

Pastry That Has Lasted

A collection of well-preserved pastry, made 1,300 years ago, is among the exhibits sent the British museum from western China. It was buried with a traveler in the Seventh century, and includes delicate biscuits, filled and worked until they look like filagree buckles.

Oldest Church Bell

The oldest known bell still in use in the parish church of St. Mary of Loreto, at Villalongo, in the Abruzzi mountains, Italy, and is dated 000 A. D. So that for over 1,400 years it has called worshippers to prayer.

"NO MAN IS USELESS" —MESSAGE OF CHEER

CHRISTMAS snow was falling, but the downy flakes, so feathery and beautiful in themselves, were covering the earth with a thick, cold blanket which to Mr. Simmons' mind was like a shroud to all the ambitions of his life. When others were jostling each other good-naturedly in every store, buying presents to surprise their loved ones, and wrapping them tenderly in tissue paper tied with scarlet ribbon behind closed doors, this lonely soul walked the streets uneasily and aimlessly, disturbed and tormented by the unvoiced crowds of shoppers, and, if the truth were known, hopelessly depressed both by the weather, and the animated throngs so busy with activities which he could neither share nor bear.

Alone, yet terribly afraid to be alone, and feeling more so in these crowds in which he had no part, he turned his footsteps from the town and sought companionship from Nature. He strolled across the snowy fields, beside a freezing brook, and into a pine grove all weighted down with snow. There in the solitude he felt gradually at ease, for a throng of happy memories came trooping to him through the trees—memories of yesteryear, when with his sisters in these very woods he had helped chop down the family Christmas tree when he was very small. What jolly days those were—what fun they'd had—he lived again those happy times before the reaper came. And then, mechanically, as he leaned against a tree, he drew from his pocket an envelope he had received that morning, but had not had interest enough to open for it was evidently a baneful Christmas card. But he tore it open now, and read:

The best day in the year Brings the best wish in the world To my best friend, Merry Christmas.

Tears of gratitude filled his eyes, for certainly he had not lived in vain when one could send him such a message. Joyfully he quoted Stevenson's words, "No man is useless while he has a friend," and then he turned his steps toward town.—H. Lucius Cook. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE UNUSUAL USUAL

"WE'RE tired of Christmas, they said. 'It's the same old thing every year. Same old wreaths. Same old nuisance getting presents. Same old expense. Same old fatigue. Same old' holiday greetings. Nothing new about it. It's a bore."

Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Joylessness. They do not see, poor, pathetic creatures that they are, that the usual things are in reality the unusual. Love is usual, so are children, so is a birthday, an anniversary, friendship.

But only the usual can rise to the great heights. And Christmas is the most unusual of all.—Mary Graham Bonner. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

FREQUENTLY HAPPENS



First Bug—What do you expect for Christmas. Second Bug—Judging by past experience, something that I will have no use in the world for!

Christmas Season Time to Make New Friends

THE car stopped. It had been passing through a poor locality that Christmas morning. "Where are all these old women hurrying?" the lady asked of one of the old women hobbling along. "Bet Bogg's man is hurted, an' we're 'goin' to help what we can, mam." "So many?" "Oh, I'll clean the windy, likely, an' Jen, yonder, who's a good cook, will get dinner. Some'll do one thing, an' some another. We'll all help, so Bet can be with her man. We like to be neighborly."

The lady drove on, but stopped at a Christmas store. She had lived next door to her neighbor for three years, and had never-nodded or called. Such things were common in their sets. But now the car stopped, and the lady went to the house and introduced herself, and begged to come in later and see the children playing about the Christmas tree.

They parted with warmly clasped hands. They were to be good friends. It had just come about. The footman had taken an armful of bundles round to the side door.—Frank Herbert Sweet. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS MORNING —THE MAGIC PILLOW

THE serene, hushed silence of the hospital was of utmost contrast to the turbulent, rushing, noisy, jostling crowds elbowing their way along the well-filled thoroughfare. The comfortable, even temperature of the hospital contrasted singularly with the blustering, crisp, wintry, typically Christmas weather outside.

The silence of this huge, white building was broken now and then by the soft though swift footfalls of three or four busy young men. The patients in the free ward who were well enough, wondered what it all meant. Two youths in particular were interested in the coils of wire and dolings of these men. They secretly hoped that they might be up and bustling about, shortly, as these lads were. It is not strange that two normal boys would be interested in being up and busy with crisp Christmas air and inspirations floating about. A free ward is a bit dull.

Bill occupied the last cot in the south end of the room, and Jack was on the cot at Bill's left. The next morning, Christmas morning, Bill woke, listened a moment, then rang for the floor nurse. In his excitement he roused Jack.

"Jack, are we alive? I hear bells, chimes, singing." "Well, I heard it, too, when I had my head on the pillow, but now that I have lifted my head up, I don't hear it."

The nurse arrived, beaming with smiles. When questioned by the excited boys, she answered, "The boys in the radio class at the high school in back of us here, thought they would surprise you, and I guess they did. The head phones worked fine. Perhaps you would like to talk to those boys who installed your set. They are tuning in. I will get them."

Jack and Bill could not contain themselves. "A radio, how wonderful! The days won't be half so long."—Eleanor E. King. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS

A STORY in two parts. The birth of a Babe, heralded by angels, and the wonder-light from a star; The career of a Man whose life radiated love and good will.

With the Babe God came to earth. In the Man He walked and communed with men. In both, the Divine and human are beautifully interwoven into the love which Christmas personifies.

Let us sense the light above the manger and feel the warmth of the love which has hallowed the day since first the angels brought their unusual message. May Christmas bring you joy.—W. D. Pennypacker. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

SEASONABLE WILDNESS



She—I know a place nearby where the mistletoe grows wild. He—Lead me there. I'll grow wild, too.

Everybody's Tree Is the Community Tree

CHRISTMAS means so much that one day cannot contain it. It begins about December 1 and continues until New Year's Day crowds it out. Forests of evergreen trees move into town in advance. Burdened expressmen and overloaded postmen serve Santa Claus as heralds, and the tide of joyful excitement rises higher and higher until it foams about the roots of the sparkling and beautiful community Christmas tree.

It was a glorious tree last year. The moon looked down from a peaceful sky. The singers filled the air with sweet sounds. The people who crowded about were from every land. They all translated the carols into their own tongues and made them bring back the gladness of past days. All nations and all denominations were for a moment united as they stood in front of the courthouse and looked up past the summit of the tree that stood for all and saw the flag of America shining in the spotlight and streaming in the free air of our great democracy. The tree that grows on American soil is Everybody's Tree. It sheds its light and its gift of liberty upon us all.—Christopher G. Hazard. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

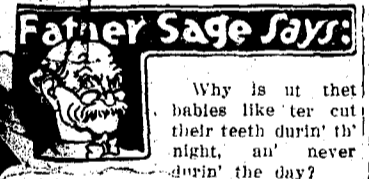
East Jordan Lady Hurt In Collision With Lumber Truck

Mrs. F. E. Brotherton, of East Jordan who is visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Crowell, of 610 East Lake street, met with quite a serious and painful accident Tuesday morning, Dec. 15th, when the Studebaker Sedan she was driving ran into a truck laden with telephone poles.

Turned-Up Supple Brims Incline to Drape Effects



As adjustable to one's style of beauty, that is the milliner's promise for spring. All you have to do is to step to the mirror, study effect and contour of your new chapeau and if it does not come up to expectations as to becomingness, let it not fret you.



Why is it that babies like to cut their teeth during the night, and never during the day?

You can't please everybody. Very often you can't please anybody. Why not live so as to please yourself.

Peoples' Wants

NOTICES OF Lost, Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, etc., in this Column is 25 cents for one insertion for 25 words or less.

Lost and Found

LOST—A package containing Xmas goods, Saturday night, on Main St. Finder kindly return to MRS. DELLA LAPEER, East Jordan. 52x1

For Sale—Miscellaneous

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS FOR SALE—All kinds. MRS. ROBERT PROCTOR East Jordan, West Side. 51x2

HOUSES FOR RENT—Two with garages and barns. Inquire of H. A. Goodman, East Jordan. 50x1

FOR SALE—Light pair of Logging Sleighs, DeLaval Cream Separator No. 12. Inquire of H. B. HIPP, East Jordan. 50x4

FOR SALE—500-Chick Brooder, fired by coal; 10-gal. Churn; Baby Walker; one-horse two seated Light Sleigh. Inquire of KENNETH HATHAWAY, East Jordan, phone 154-F18. 52x1

TO SWINE BREEDERS—Pure Bred O. I. C. Service Boars. One seven-month old and one six months old. Not related in this locality. Phone 166F22, EDWARD THORSEN East Jordan. 48 t.f.

Sell your VEAL and CHICKENS to C. J. MALPASS. 16 t.f.

CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
Subscription Rate, \$1.50 per year.

PENINSULAR

Thomas Rice of Kalkaska came Monday and spent the week with his cousins, A. B. Nicloy at Sunny Slope farm, and Mrs. Duncan McDonald at Knowledgeburg.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. B. Nicloy and two sons were dinner guests of Mrs. Nicloy's sister, Mrs. Will Inman and family in Boyne City, Sunday.

Mrs. Joel Bennett of Honey Slope farm is in Boyne City caring for her grand-son, Clare Bogert, who is ill with the mumps.

Mrs. Frank K. Hayden visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hitchcock in East Jordan from Thursday to Sunday.

Bob Wilson of Mountain Dist. is working in Boyne City driving team.

Word has been received from Marion Russell stating he had secured a job in Detroit.

Mrs. Mercy Woerful and family of Gravel Hill entertained at dinner Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis and daughter Pauline of Gravel Hill, and her father, Geo. Jarman and daughter, Dorothy and son, Evert of Knoll Crest. They all had a splendid time.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Russell of Ridge-way farm attended the funeral of Mrs. Robert Price, an old resident of this section, at Sunset Hill Saturday afternoon.

South Arm of Pine Lake is now frozen strong enough so people walk across.

Will Howe of Overlook farm threshed his beans Monday.

Word has been received from Wilfred Arnott and Edward Guerin stating they had secured work in a foundry in Muskegon.

The Star of Hope Sunday School and the Mountain School are preparing a very nice program for their Christmas service Thursday evening.

The roads are in fine condition now, just enough snow to fill up all the rough spots.

"Pat" Foote, carrier on East Jordan Route 2, was stuck for more than an hour Thursday, when his car slid off the road into the ditch at Orchard Hill.

NOWLAND HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zinck and children of Pellston, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Eugene Kurchinski, this week, also visiting Mrs. Zinck's father, George Jaquays of East Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey Wells and daughters visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Nowland Sunday.

Mrs. O. Scott and son of Boyne City spent the week end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Nowland.

On account of the drifted roads, Mrs. Alberta Nowland does not drive back and forth to her work at East Jordan.

Mrs. Sam Nowland returned home last Friday from a three weeks visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Calvin Garberson of Marquette.

Ed. Nowland lost a valuable horse recently by acute indigestion.

CHESTONIA

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
School closes until Jan. 11th.

Misses Rosa and Henrietta Miller are visiting at the home of their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Justice.

A good crowd attended Lloyd Riley's school entertainment Friday evening.

Earl Gould and wife visited at the home of B. L. Calkins Monday, and Miriam and Raymond visited Chestonia school.

Herbert Sweet and family of Echo visited the first of the week with Mr. Arthur Touchstone's people.

MILES DISTRICT

Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to all.
Miss Marian Maddock of East Jordan visited our school Monday.

Supley LaLonde who has been ailing so long, took suddenly worse Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will LaLonde of Traverse City took supper with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Supley LaLonde Thursday evening.

Herbert Evans is cutting wood for Mrs. Supley LaLonde.
Fred Bancroft buzzed wood last Saturday.

Mrs. G. Steenhagen received a letter from Mrs. Archie Kowalske in Miami, Fla., saying they ate Thanksgiving dinner on the beach. The weather being like June weather in Michigan.

HOUSE PASSES NEW TAX BILL 390 TO 25

Amended to Limit Tenure of Office for Members of Appeals Board.

Washington.—The house of representatives passed the tax bill.

On a roll call vote of 390 to 25, the measure went sailing through although amended in the closing hours of a heated debate so as to reduce tenure of office for members of the board of tax appeals to fourteen years.

An attempt of Representative Rainey, Democrat of Illinois, to recommit the entire bill and report it back with a 25 per cent maximum surtax rate and a 25 per cent maximum estate tax rate failed on a roll call vote of 237 to 147.

The bill with its reductions in normal, surtax and estate tax rates, its increased exemptions and its reduced excise levies went through just as the committee had reported it on December 7.

The bill now goes to the senate where the finance committee is scheduled to commence consideration on January 4. It will reach the floor of the senate the latter part of January and is expected to become law by March 1, which will be time to make the cuts in income taxes effective on 1925 earnings for which returns must be filed by March 15.

The bill as passed reduced revenues approximately \$325,000,000 during the calendar year 1926, \$335,000,000 during 1927, and \$345,000,000 during 1928. Of this amount \$103,000,000 is accounted for by income tax reductions, \$2,000,000 to the repeal of the gift tax and the balance of \$48,000,000 is caused by the repeal of various miscellaneous taxes.

Income tax cuts provided by the bill include reduction of present normal rates of 2 per cent on the first \$4,000; 4 per cent on the next \$4,000, and 6 per cent above that amount, to 1 1/2, 3 and 5 per cent, respectively. The maximum on which the 25 per cent earned income deduction applies is made \$20,000, instead of \$10,000.

Surtaxes are reduced to a maximum of 20 per cent, instead of 40 per cent. Personal exemptions are increased from \$1,000 for single persons to \$1,500 and from \$2,500 for heads of families to \$3,500.

The tax on corporation earnings remains unchanged at 12 1/2 per cent. The capital stock tax also remains in the bill.

The publicity provision of the present law, requiring amounts paid by individuals and corporations to be open to public inspection is repealed.

The estate tax is reduced from a maximum of 40 per cent to a maximum of 20 per cent. The gift tax is repealed entirely.

Taxes on automobiles, trucks, tires, and accessories are repealed and the tax on automobiles is cut from 5 to 3 per cent. Taxes on cigars are cut by about 25 per cent. The tax on alcohol is cut in half over a period of two years.

Manufacturers' excise taxes and other miscellaneous taxes are repealed entirely.

The admission tax remains in the law, except for the exemption of the legitimate spoken drama.

President Favors Speeding Up of Waterway Projects

Washington.—The midwestern fight for speedy completion of the inland waterway system is beginning to show results.

This was indicated at the White House, when it was stated that President Coolidge, providing funds are available, is in favor of the expenditure of an additional \$10,000,000 during the next fiscal year in the development of the Mississippi river project, specifically including the lakes to the gulf link connecting Chicago and New Orleans.

The budget already provides approximately \$10,000,000 for the maintenance and development of the Mississippi system. The army engineers, however, recommended that an additional \$10,000,000 could probably be spent in hurrying its completion.

Eight Bandits Terrorize Town, Flee With \$30,000

Dows, Iowa.—State agents joined local officers all over Iowa in the search for seven or eight men who terrorized the village of Dows wrecked the vault of the Dows Savings bank and escaped with approximately \$10,000 in cash and \$20,000 in bonds.

All residents who appeared at their windows during the blasting inside the bank were fired upon, lookouts firing nearly 100 shots. Night Marshals August Welzine and Harry Little Rock Island station agent, were made captives by the bandits and locked in the bank.

Tom Murray Is Dead

Chicago.—Tom Murray, county commission, whose advertising slogan "meet me face to face," made him famous in local clothing business circles before he entered politics, died in the University hospital after two operations.

Five Children Die in Fire

Holden, Mass.—Five children of John J. Hoy were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Hoy home, a two-story dwelling.

COL. MITCHELL GUILTY; SUSPENDED 5 YEARS

Court-Martial Lenient Because of Military Record of Accused.

Washington.—Guilt on all the eight specifications of the general charge of insubordination is the verdict against Col. William Mitchell.

The punishment is suspension from rank, command, and duty for five years, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances for the same period.

The verdict adds: "The court is thus lenient because of the military record of the accused during the World war."

In a civil court the verdict would be comparable to a verdict of guilty of slander.

The jury of nine generals and one colonel constituting the court-martial deliberated for 2 hours 51 minutes.

Colonel Mitchell took his sentence like a gentleman and a soldier. He rose from his chair and became the center of a babbling group of lawyers and correspondents. With them he began to talk animatedly, laughing the while, and suddenly remarked in a ringing voice and with a gesture toward his ten judges: "Why, these men are all my friends!"

With that he walked up to Maj. Gen. Robert Lee Howze, president of the court, and extended his right hand, which General Howze grasped, saying as he did so: "Good-by, Billy!"

The other nine judges followed their president's cue, shook the colonel by the hand, and heartily said: "Good-by, Billy!" and "Good-by, Billy!"

Mrs. Mitchell, a good soldier throughout the long ordeal of this trial, was for a few seconds after the verdict on the verge of tears. The eight specifications of the general charge were based upon Colonel Mitchell's "making, uttering, and publishing" on September 5 and September 9, 1925, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, lengthy statements in which he charged "incompetency, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the Navy and War departments."

The immediate cause of the statements was the disaster to the airship Shenandoah in Ohio with the loss of 14 lives and the failure of the Hawaiian fight, but the statements comprehended a general arraignment of the administration of the air service.

Their result was the ordering by the President to a court-martial to try Colonel Mitchell.

Court's Decision Great Mistake, Says Gov. Small

Springfield, Ill.—Governor Small issued the following statement in regard to the Supreme court decision which ruled that he must pay the state of Illinois \$1,000,000 interest on state funds which he sought to retain.

"To the people of Illinois: "I know that a great mistake has been made by this decision. I know, and the evidence proves, that I paid into the state treasury every dollar which I received while state treasurer as interest upon state funds.

"A petition for rehearing will be filed in due course asking the court to reconsider its decision.

"I feel certain that the men and women of Illinois who for years have observed me in the performance of my official duties will continue to have that faith in me which I believe my record as a public official warrants.

"LEN SMALL, "Governor of Illinois."

Mrs. Valentino Asks Paris Court for Divorce

Paris.—Winifred Hudnut Valentino's divorce action against Rudolph Valentino finally has come into the open. The action became a part of Paris court records.

Papers in the action show the couple was married in Crown Point, Ind., in 1923, where the couple went to legalize their Mexican marriage.

New York.—Natcha Rambova's only comment when told cable dispatches announced her action for divorce, was: "It's true. I have sued and I await a final decree."

"What caused you to bring the action?" "There is nothing to it at all, simply incompatibility."

Assails City of Rome Captain

Boston.—Lieutenant Commander Charles A. Lockwood, judge advocate before the naval board of inquiry into the sinking of the submarine S-51, charged that the story of Capt. John H. Diehl, of the City of Rome, which rammed the sub, was false.

Navy to "Attack" Cities

Los Angeles, Cal.—Attacks on San Francisco and New York will be part of the battle maneuvers for the United States fleet in 1928 and 1927.

Florida Express Embargoed

Jacksonville, Fla.—The American Express company placed an embargo on all express shipments into Florida, excepting foodstuffs, and on all out-bound citrus fruits and fish originating south of here.

To Guard Sugar Workers

Havana.—Gen. Alberto Herrera, chief of staff of the Cuban army, ordered military posts throughout the island to protect sugar cane field workers where a guard is requested.



Our extra slice of pie, special thickness, is awarded to the subscriber who has a nice box of cigars ready-wrapped for the editor.

We all know what is the matter with the guys who are always talking about the absurdity of exchanging gifts at Christmas time.

Some subscribers very kindly tell us that our paper has improved. Thanks, much of them, are extended to the readers of discernment.

What has become of the old-fashioned business man who rubber stamped "dictated, but not re-read" on the bottom of all his letters?

The House committee wishes to spend \$20,000,000 a year on aviation. Maybe that will give us a good defense.

Kind Intervention

A Vermont man tripped over a fallen tree and broke his leg while chasing a skunk. Providence sometimes employs hard methods to protect humans from the result of their folly.—Boston Transcript.

Cylinder Measurements

The distance around a cylinder increases 6 1/4 inches for every inch of thickness of a layer of material placed on it, regardless of the original diameter.—Science Service.

Great Number of Languages

Few people realize the number of languages spoken on this globe of ours. There are said to be 3,424 spoken languages and dialects, of which this country boasts 1,624; Asia, 987; Europe, 587, and Africa, 276.

THIS WAS WHAT HE CARRIED

—ALL THE WAY TO THE GOAL POST AND BROWN

Harold Lloyd
The Freshman
A Pathe Picture
Harold Lloyd Corp.

TEMPLE THEATRE
December 30-31 Jan'y 1
Start The New Year With a Laugh

Briefs of the Week

Frank Bretz is here from St. Joseph, Missouri, for a visit with friends.

Contractor A. G. Rogers is home from Escanaba, Mich., for the holiday season.

Mrs. Maude Bigelow of Detroit is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Beebe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Howell and children are spending the holidays in Detroit.

Misses Adele Gorman and Myrtle Edson are home from Bay City for the holidays.

John and Orrin Gorman of Muskegon are here visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gorman.

Miss Elizabeth Sweet came home Wednesday from Highland Park, Ill., to spend the holidays.

L. Nyquist left Monday for DeQuincy, Louisiana, where he plans to spend the winter months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt left this week for a visit with relatives at Detroit, Rochester, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roderick and son, Gerald, of Boyne City, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Sumner and family, Sunday.

Miss May L. Stewart is home from Oakland, Maryland, to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Stewart, and friends.

The following students are home from their studies at the U. of M., Ann Arbor:—Miss Julia Supernaw, Miss Aurora Stewart, and Hugh C. Dicken.

J. E. Lytle, East Jordan M. C. R. R. station agent, was taken to a Petoskey hospital last Friday night, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Dorothea Malpass and Elizabeth Sidebotham, Freshmen at Alma College, arrived in East Jordan Saturday to spend the holiday vacation with their parents.

Mrs. James R. Howard left last Thursday for a visit with her son, Arthur Howard at Detroit. From there she will go to New York City to visit her daughter, Mrs. C. G. Mills.

Former friends here have received announcement of the marriage of Miss Hazel Viola, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin E. Sheldon, to Frank D. Collard at Flint, Wednesday, Dec. 16th.

Sandy Dean had a narrow escape from drowning last Saturday. He was on the South Arm of Pine Lake when he broke through. A young lad happened to be near-by and pulled him out.

The Chelan Valley Mirror of Chelan, Wash., in its Dec. 10th issue contains an account of the death of Mrs. John Highland at that place. Her husband passed away in 1903. Mr. and Mrs. Highland were former residents of East Jordan.

John Shier was at Flint this week visiting his sister.

Irving Johnson left Monday for a visit at Elk Rapids.

Dorrance Peck is home from Muskegon for the holidays.

Jack Gunderson is home from Bessemer for the holidays.

Miss Genevieve Starmer is spending the holidays at Petoskey.

Harold Price left Monday for a visit with relatives in Lansing.

Mrs. Floyd Moore and children are spending Xmas at Bellaire.

John TerWee was at Central Lake on business first of the week.

Mrs. Della Robinson left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Cadillac.

Josiah St. John is spending the Xmas holidays with relatives at St. Clair.

F. M. Shaw left Wednesday to spend Christmas with friends in Chicago.

Andrew Franseth left Tuesday to spend Xmas with relatives at Pontiac.

Felix Gagnon left Tuesday to spend the holidays with relatives at Detroit.

Mrs. Louie Lemieux left this week for a few week's visit with relatives at Detroit.

Misses Drusilla and Frederica Shaw are spending the holidays with friends in Chicago.

Contractor S. E. Rogers with son, Lemuel, are home for the holidays from Benzonia, Mich.

Miss Lydia Blount, who is teaching at Watska, Ill., is spending the holidays here with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Richardson and children returned home Tuesday from a visit at Greenup, Kentucky.

Miss Fern Howard came home Thursday from Monroe, Mich., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Howard.

Rev. B. E. Manker of Ellsworth was recently appointed pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church of East Jordan. He took charge of his new pastorate last Sunday.

The Study and Improvement Clubs will hold a joint meeting at the home of Mrs. R. G. Watson, Tuesday Dec. 29, at 7:30 p. m. There will be a program and Pottery exhibit.

Atwater Kent Radio—There are two ways of judging receiving sets and speakers: by demonstration and by the maker. Atwater Kent was either way.—C. H. McKinnon and Charles Hayner, Dealers. Ask us for demonstrations. adv. 51-t.

Miss Belle Roy left Saturday for Ontario, Calif., where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley and family, and other former East Jordan friends. From there she will go to Los Angeles and San Francisco, to visit other friends. She plans to be gone for several months.

Joseph Kamp left Saturday for Detroit.

Bert Bennett is home from Detroit to visit his family.

Miss Ada Green is visiting relatives at Bellaire this week.

Eph Kidder left Thursday for a visit with friends in Detroit.

Miss Ruth Gregory is home from Grayling for the holidays.

Miss Martha Wagbo is home from her studies at M. S. C., Lansing.

Miss Doris Hayden is home from Detroit for the holiday vacation.

Charles Danto is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Danto.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Pillsbury left Saturday to visit relatives at Detroit.

Miss Essee Flannery is visiting relatives at Baldwin during the holidays.

Misses Verna, Leatha, and Curzen Kent are visiting relatives at Bellaire.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Williams of Detroit are here visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Charles Patterson of Flint is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kale.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Roy of Flint are here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roy.

Mrs. Fred Trumble who has been here visiting relatives, returned to Detroit, Saturday.

Miss Betty Kling, who is attending the State Normal at Ypsilanti, is here visiting friends.

Fred Zoulek is home from Detroit to spend Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zoulek.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo LaCroix of Detroit are here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor LaCroix.

Mrs. C. S. Abbott of Detroit was here last week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Balch.

Edwin Fisher left Tuesday for Batavia, Iowa, after an extended visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tait.

Mrs. Earl J. Hager left Saturday for Jackson to spend Xmas with her husband, who has a position there.

Miss Eva Waterman arrived home Thursday from Oberlin College to visit her mother, Mrs. B. E. Waterman.

Misses Eleanor and Aura McBride are home from Kalamazoo to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McBride.

Mrs. John Vink returned to home at Ludington, Wednesday, after a two weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Gerrit Drog.

Miss Eunice Liskum of Monroe, and R. V. Liskum of Detroit are home for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Liskum.

Mrs. Glenn Stiff of Detroit and Mrs. Wm. Martin of Standish were called here the past week by the illness and death of their father, J. A. Nickless.

Dr. W. H. Parks and family have moved from East Jordan and are located in their new home, 915 East Mitchell street. Dr. Parks will open his offices in suites one and two in the Magnus Block, within a few days.—Petoskey News.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Port Huron—Building permits for 40 new homes for working men, the average cost of which will be \$2,500, have been issued to Otto Fetting, who represents a syndicate. Work on a number of the homes has been started.

Cheboygan—Great disappointment was sustained by members of the coastguard service in this region when it was announced that contrary to past custom, stations will be kept open throughout the winter, instead of closing during the month of January and February as previously.

Faw Paw—Recommendation for appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, of Bernard Blakeman, Faw Paw, has been forwarded to the war department by Representative John O. Ketcham, Fourth Michigan district. Paul H. Mason was named as first alternate.

Ypsilanti—The Torch club of professional and business women has completed a survey of the city for names of those who wish to attend night school and have given 180 names over to Professor J. Burns Fuller, of Roosevelt high school and Superintendent A. G. Erickson, of the city schools. As soon as organization is made, work will begin.

Mt. Clemens—The request of Postmaster W. C. Hacker, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., for truck service between Detroit and Mt. Clemens to supplement facilities afforded by railroad and electric car service has been granted by the postoffice department for the 30 days preceding Christmas, it was announced by Representative Louis C. Cramton, Seventh Michigan district.

Ypsilanti—U. Stanley Wilson, 45 years old, a resident of this city for the past three years, died recently after an illness of four days. He had been superintendent of schools in Leapeer, Millington and Quincy. He was a graduate of the State Normal College here and of the University of Michigan. While at the latter school he was leader of the men's Glee Club.

Grand Rapids—C. H. Leonard, president of the Grand Rapids Refrigerator company, said that the option for the purchase of the company's plant and business by the Electric Refrigeration corporation, a combination of the Kelvinator and Nizer corporations, has been extended to February 1, and that \$50,000 has been paid. The purchase price is approximately \$8,000,000.

Ann Arbor—"Tambourine," the twentieth annual Michigan Union opera, including in its personnel 110 men students of the university left at noon last Friday for Chicago, the first city in which the opera will be presented on its tour of 13 cities throughout the Middle West and East. The opera "special" comprises three pullman cars, a dining car and a baggage car.

Lansing—Doubt that oysters served at a church banquet in Eaton Rapids the evening of November 18 caused the typhoid epidemic that is sweeping over Eaton county towns, was expressed by Dr. R. M. Olin, head of the state department of health. Meanwhile, the little town of Eaton Rapids continues its battle against the disease, which has spread to Charlotte and East Lansing.

Ann Arbor—Members of the board of regents of the University of Michigan held their regular monthly meeting here last Friday night. Among other topics scheduled for discussion was the protest received from the League of Catholic Women of Detroit censuring Dr. Clarence Cook Little for his recent Lansing address relative to birth control. Copies of the letter of protest have been mailed to each member of the board.

Saginaw—Probably the boldest bit of thievery that criminal circles of the state have known in some time was committed here when a new automobile was taken from the sales room floor of the Davison Automobile company and driven out through the service department. It takes half an hour to put a new car on the floor. The company is not open all night and not until a police officer noticed doors of the concern open was there any suspicion.

Mt. Clemens—The tentative plans of Major Thomas G. Lanphier, of the first pursuit group at Selfridge field, are that the mid-winter maneuvers to Camp Skeel, Oscoda, Mich., will begin January 17 and continue for a week; the same as the operations so successfully executed last February. The maneuvers this year, according to the Selfridge commander, will not feature the war game as last year, but will partake more especially of the practice of gunnery, as applied to the air service.

Lansing—Indications are that depositors in the defunct Farmers' and Merchants' State bank at Grand Ledge will not suffer any loss in connection with financial difficulties that closed the doors of the institution in an order just handed down by Judge Russell R. McPeck, of the Eaton County Circuit Court, at Charlotte. The affairs of the bank were taken over by the trust department of the American State Savings bank of Lansing and the chancery case involving receivership was taken before Judge McPeck.

MAN IS USELESS" AGE OF CH...

Founded on Security

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN

Built by Service

What is Bank Service?

Here at this Bank it is promptness, courtesy, safety and secrecy with which matters entrusted to it are handled.

Your business is invited--- and appreciated.

STATE BANK OF EAST JORDAN
"The Bank on the Corner."
"Strength and Ability
Plus the Willingness to Serve."

Jackson—The loaning and discount department of the newly-formed Jackson Citizens' Finance company will be opened during the latter part of December. More than \$100,000 capital has been subscribed, according to officers of the company.

Marshall—The Tekonsha High school debating team has won its second debate, defeating the North Adams team. The question was "Resolved that the proposed child labor amendment to the national constitution be adopted by the United States."

Saginaw—Indications that the state highway department intends to place construction of a permanent road between Saginaw and Bay City in the 1926 program is shown in a request to the county commission to secure right of way on three miles of the proposed route.

Stanton—The town chorus, under the direction of Mrs. John Lewis, wife of the Montcalm county prosecuting attorney, is at work on Christmas music, both for the pageant at the Congregational church and for community singing at the municipal Christmas tree.

Port Huron—Beginning Tuesday the fares on the bus lines operated in connection with the City Electric Railway Co., which in turn is owned by the Detroit United Railway, were increased to 10 cents. Since the buses began operating some months ago, four tickets for a quarter have been sold. School children still will be permitted to ride on the four-for-a-quarter ticket.

Monroe—Road "M-10", running from Elm avenue, Monroe, to the Ohio state line, a distance of 14 miles, and the northern extension, 4.2 miles, connecting with the Telegraph road at Loranger's corners, has been opened for through traffic from the north, via Flat Rock, to Toledo on the south. The road from Monroe to Toledo, better known as the "New Dixie Highway," was built by state forces with the aid of prison labor.

Grand Rapids—Although no complaint had been made against her, Mrs. Don Avery, of Cedar Springs, appeared before Justice William Totten, of that village, declared she was guilty of having assaulted Mrs. Mavin Town, of Cedar Springs, and asked to be fined. The justice complied and ordered her to pay a "fine" of \$1 and costs of \$1. Prosecuting Attorney Earl W. Munshaw is pondering over the question of what to do with the money.

Ann Arbor—In response to a petition circulated by 200 members of the Michigan Union demanding a reorganization of the management and board of directors, Richard Barton, recording secretary of the Union, has announced a special meeting for 7:30 p. m., Jan. 14. An insurgent element, supposedly headed by Albert Adams, of Kansas City, president of the Union, is behind the movement, alleging "gross inefficiency" in the management of the club's affairs.

Lansing—The State prison commission has authorized Harry L. Hubert, in charge of the construction of the new State prison near Jackson, to proceed with the building that will house the heating and power plant, W. H. Porter, the chairman, announced. Modern conveniences will be afforded the inmates of the new institution, according to present plans. Hot running water will be piped to every cell. This will be made possible by installing a hot water heating plant.

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PROBATE ORDER
STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the City of Charlevoix, in said County, on the 19th day of December A. D. 1925.
Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Bertha E. Waterman Deceased.
Gertrude A. Waterman having filed said court her petition praying to be the last will and testament of the deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to petitioner, or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 14th day of January, A. D. 1926 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition:
It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

TEMPLE THEATRE

Program for week beginning Saturday, Dec. 26th.

SATURDAY, December 26th

D. W. GRIFFITH PRODUCTION

"One Exciting Night"

A surging sea of laughter and mystery, no nobs, no spectacles, no costumes, just magnificent entertainment

Two Reel Comedy—"His 1st Degree."

Admission—10c and 25c

SUNDAY and MONDAY Dec. 27th and 28th

MARY PICKFORD in

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

From the romantic novel by Charles Major.

A Great Cast A Great Story

International News

Admission—10c and 25c

TUESDAY, Dec. 29th FAMILY NIGHT

2 ADMISSIONS FOR THE PRICE OF 1 WITH MERCHANT'S TICKETS

"Broken Wing"

With Kenneth Harlan, Marian Cooper, Walter Long

"THE RIDDLE RIDER" Chapter 12.

Admission—10c and 25c

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, Dec. 30-31 Jan. 1

NEW YEAR'S SPECIAL

Harold Lloyd in his Greatest Comedy

"THE FRESHMAN"

Three Reel Special—"BIRDS OF PASSAGE"

Maudie Muller Poem

Admission—10c and 40c

We are starting the New Year with a Laugh
Will you join us?



Pilgrim Holiness Church

Rev. B. E. Manker, Pastor.

Fast Time.
11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.
8:00 p. m.—General Service.
8:00 p. m.—Friday night, Prayer Meeting.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

Presbyterian Church Notes

O. W. Sidebotham, Pastor.
C. R. Harper, Foreign Pastor

"A Church for Folks."

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1925.

10:00 a. m. Morning Worship.

11:15 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:30 Young People's Meeting.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Service.

No prayer meeting next week. Next Wednesday at 5:30 p. m. will be the Young People's Holiday Supper and Party.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. Henry Hiles, Pastor.
"The Friendly Church."

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1925.

10:00 a. m.—Morning Service. New Year's Sermon.

11:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Service. The young people will present a splendid program at this service.

Monday, 7:00 p. m.—Girl Scouts.

Wednesday, 8:30 p. m.—Boy Scouts.

Thursday, 7:00 p. m. Mid-week Service.

6:00—Choir Practice.

Latter Day Saints Church.

L. Dudley, Pastor.

10:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:15 a. m.—Social Service.

7:00 p. m. standard—Evening Service

7:00 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

7:00 p. m.—Thursday, Relieve.

All are welcome to attend these services.

Oliver October

By George Barr McCutcheon

Copyright, Bell Syndicate (WNU Service)

(Continued)

CHAPTER XII

The Hanging

Since ten o'clock men by twos and threes and fours had been making their way through back streets and lanes to an appointed spot an eighth of a mile east of the Baxter home, the tree-bordered swale that marked the extreme northern end of the slough. Whispers swelled into hoarse, guttural mutterings as the mob, headed by its set-faced, scowling leaders, left the swale and started its deadly march.

Quickly the house was surrounded. No avenue of escape was left unguarded. A small, detached group advanced toward the porch, above the roof of which were lights in the windows of what everyone knew to be young Oliver Baxter's bedroom.

A loud voice called out: "Come out! We want to see you, Oliver Baxter."

Oliver raised the window and leaned out. "Who is it? What have you got down there? A mob? I'll see you in a—before I'll come out!"

A deep growl rose from a hundred throats, stilled almost instantly as the clear voice of the leader rang out again.

"We will give you one minute to come out."

Oliver glanced over his shoulder. Mrs. Grimes had come to his bedroom door.

"Telephone for the police, Serepta," he cried out sharply. "No! Wait! You mustn't be here if that mob breaks in and—"

He did not finish the sentence. There was a rush of footsteps in the hall, then Mrs. Grimes was flung aside and into the room leaped three, four, half a dozen men.

Oliver knocked the first man sprawling, but the others were upon him like an avalanche. As they led him, now unresisting, from the room his wild, beaten gaze fell upon the huddled form of Serepta Grimes lying inert in the hall.

"For God's sake, be decent enough to look after her," he panted.

They dragged him down the stairs. Out of the house and down into the yard they hurried him. There they paused long enough to tie his hands securely behind his back. An awed silence had fallen upon the crowd—the shouts ceased, curses died on men's lips. They had him! Tragedy was at hand.

"In Heaven's name, men—what are you going to do with me?" Oliver cried out in a strange, piercing voice.

"Shut up!"

Something fell upon his head, scraped down over his face. He stifled a scream. He felt the slack noose tighten about his bare throat.

He was shoved forward, protesting shrilly, impatiently.

They had picked the spot—the place where father and son parted on that distant night. And the tree—the sturdy old oak whose limbs overhung the road. They had picked the limb.

There was no delay. The stout rope was thrown over the limb, the noose was drawn close about his neck by cold, nervous fingers.

A prayer was strangled on his writhing lips. Strong hands hauled at the rope. He swung in the air.

A great white flare of light burst upon the gressome spectacle—the roar of a charging monster—the din of shrieking klaxons—and then the piercing scream of a woman.

The dense mob in the road broke, fighting frantically to get out of the path of Lansing's car. Some were struck and hurled screaming aside—and on came the car, forging its way slowly but relentlessly through the struggling mass.

Up to the swaying, wriggling form, shot the car, a force irresistible, guided

Wild Cereals

At one time or another all cereals, such as wheat, rice, and maize, were wild grasses, and many years of patient research have been necessary to develop their edible utility. There must be numerous grains of potential value growing throughout the world, but until the discovery of adlay no addition had been made to our existing supplies for centuries.

Uncle Eben

"Remember, son," said Uncle Eben, "you must have judgment as well as enthusiasm. Good intentions is responsible for some of the worst singin' in de choir."—Washington Star.

Unlucky Fishing Day

In Scotland it is a popular belief that if one goes fishing on Christmas, bad luck will follow through the entire year.

right not of the might crush to death to reach the one he sought.

"Let go of that rope!" yelled this man.

Behind him came another car. Panic seized the mob. The compact mass broke and scattered.

A writhing, tortured figure lay in the middle of the road, a loose rope swinging free from the limb. The bewildered, startled men who had held it in their hands fell back—uncertain, bewildered.

Lansing, unafraid, sprang from the car and rushed to the prostrate form. In a second he was tugging at the noose, cursing frightfully.

Now a woman flung herself down beside the man with the rope around his neck, sobbing, moaning, her arms straining to lift his shoulders from the ground.

A baffled roar went up from the mob. Men surged forward and hands were laid upon the rope—too late. The noose was off—and Sammy Parr, standing over the doctor and the distracted girl, had a revolver in his hand.

"Come on!" he yelled. "Come on you dirty cowards! You swine! You



"Come on!" He yelled. "Come on, you dirty cowards!"

—d Huns! Come on and get a man-sized pull!"

From all sides boomed the shouts and curses of a quickly revived purpose.

"Rush 'em!" "Kill the —" "Beat their heads off!" "Get him! Get him!"

Suddenly a strange voice rose above the clamor. Rich, full, vibrant, it fell upon puzzled ears, and once again there was pause.

All eyes were upon the owner of this wondrous clarion voice. A startling figure she was, standing erect upon the front seat of Lansing's car.

"Men of Rumley! Hold! Hold, I command you! Is there one among you who has not heard of the gypsy's prophecy of thirty years ago? Let him speak who will, and let him speak for all."

A score of voices answered. "Aye!" she went on. "You all have heard it. I ask one of you—any one of you—to stand forth and tell the rest of this craven mob what the gypsy fortune teller said on that wild and stormy night."

"She said the baby son of Oliver Baxter would be hung for murder before he was thirty years old," bawled someone.

"And what else did she say?" rang out the voice of Josephine Judge.

"Oh, a lot of things that don't matter now," yelled a man back in the crowd. "Get busy, boys. We can't—"

"Stop! Listen to me, varlets! You believe she spoke the truth when she uttered that prophecy? Answer!"

"Yes!" came from a hundred throats. "Then you must know that this boy was adjudged innocent of this crime on the day he was born," fell slowly, distinctly from the lips of Josephine.

"I will repeat the words of the gypsy woman. She said: 'He will not commit a murder. He will be hanged for a crime he did not commit.' Speak! Are not those the words of the gipsy?"

Absolute silence ensued. It was as if the crowd had turned to stone.

"And so," she cried, leveling her finger at the men in the front rank, "you have done your part toward making the prophecy come true. You have hung Oliver October Baxter in spite of the fact that you were told thirty years ago that he would be innocent."

The mob stood rooted to the ground. A sudden shout went up from those in the front rank—a shout of relief. Oliver October was struggling to his feet, assisted by Jane and Lansing.

His arms, released from their bonds, were thrown across their shoulders, his chin was high, he was coughing violently.

"Don't try to speak yet, Baxter," cautioned Lansing. "Plenty of time. You're all right. You'll be yourself in a few minutes. Thank God, we got here when we did."

They got him into the forward car, where he huddled down between Jane and her mother. They heard him whisper hoarsely, jerkily:

"Never mind about me—I'm all right. They won't try—It again. Look after Aunt—Serepta first. She's hurt. They left her—lying up—"

"Don't worry, old top," cried Sammy eagerly. "I'll go back and look out for her. You go along with Doc. He'll fix you up. All you need is a good stiff—"

"Clear the road!" roared a score of voices as Lansing's car moved slowly forward, and off the sides, down the slope and up the bank, stunk the obedient lynchers. The once blood-thirsty horde bore off swiftly, apprehensively, but still dubiously through the night which now seemed to mock them with its silence.

An hour later Sammy Parr expressed himself somewhat irreverently in the paragon sitting-room.

"Say, Miss Judge, you were great. I never heard anything like that speech of yours. And your voice—why, it gave me the queerest kind of shivers."

Josephine was pacing the floor, her fine brow knitted in thought. She was muttering to herself. Oliver, lying on a couch, smiled up into Jane's lovely eyes. Then he sat up.

"Sammy," he cried out thickly but with the ring of enthusiasm in his voice, "do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure," said Sammy, springing to his feet.

"Stand up with me. I'm going to be married."

"Great!" cried Sammy. "I'll not only stand up with you, old boy, but I'll let you lean on me."

"Now?" gasped Serepta Grimes, in great agitation.

"Yes—now!" cried Jane softly, and for the first time that night the color came back to her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII

Mr. Gooch Sees Things at Night

Horace Gooch was going to bed. He had had a hard day, and it was nine o'clock. He had a book, a well-worn copy of "David Harum," but he did not begin reading at once. He was thinking of the many dark and lonely nights old Oliver Baxter had spent in Death Swamp. It gave him a creepy feeling. He tucked the covers a little more tightly under his chin—but still the creepy feeling persisted.

"Hey, Horace!"

Someone was knocking at the front door—and the voice! There was only one voice in the world like that.

Mr. Gooch went to the window. He hesitated a moment, then boldly drew the curtain apart.

"Hello, Horace," came waiting up to Mr. Gooch. "That you? Say, open up and let me in."

Mr. Gooch grasped the window frame for support.

"Good G—d!" he gulped, but in a voice so strange and hollow that he did not recognize it as his own.

The figure drew nearer the house.

"I'm Ollie Baxter. For goodness' sake, Horace, don't tell me you've forgotten your only brother-in-law. I—"

"Go away! You're dead!"

"You come down here and let me in," cried the other. "I'll derned soon show you I'm not dead."

Mr. Gooch was not convinced. It was Oliver Baxter and he was very much alive.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to come in and spend the night with you, that's what I want."

Presently the two were seated in Gooch's warm kitchen.

"Now," demanded Mr. Gooch, "where have you been all this time?"

Mr. Baxter stretched out his wrinkled legs, and filled his pipe and lit it, all the while keeping his keen little eyes on his brother-in-law.

"Well, sir," he began presently; "I hunted this country over before I found her. She remembered everything. It took me nearly two weeks to get her to admit that she lied, and I guess she wouldn't have done it if I hadn't offered her a hundred dollars to tell the truth."

"Are you talking about the gypsy who told his fortune?" inquired Mr. Gooch, comprehending suddenly.

"Yes. Queen Marguerite. I finally got her to confess that everything she said was false. Oliver ain't going to be hung any more than you or I. All spite work, she says. Got mad at all of us."

"So that's what you've been up to, you blamed old idiot," exclaimed Gooch. "Letting us all think you were dead. That reminds me—I was just wondering whose body it is, since it can't possibly be yours. The one they found in the swamp yesterday, I mean."

Mr. Baxter inquired with sudden interest: "In the swamp, eh? Out in one of the pools? Why, it must be Tom Sharp's body. Tom Sharp was killed with an ax right out there on the edge of the swamp thirty years ago. He was killed by a gypsy— Say, Horace, if they think that body is mine, who is supposed to have killed me?"

Mr. Gooch experienced a strange and unsuspected softening of the heart.

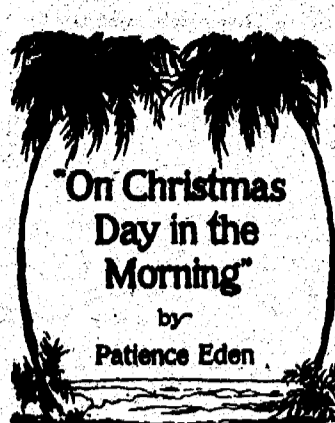
"A man that used to work around your place," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

Silence fell between them. Mr. Baxter was thinking profoundly, his brow wrinkled, his eyes fixed on one of his bony hands.

"Just so it wasn't—Oliver," he said at last, swallowing hard. He had removed the gaudy muffler. His Adam's apple rose and fell twice convulsively. "I'd hate to have people think he did it."

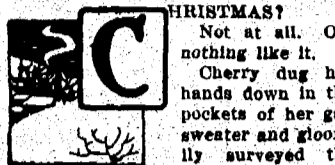
"Don't worry about that," said Mr. Gooch brusquely. "Get about to bed now."

[THE END]



"On Christmas Day in the Morning"

by Patience Eden



CHRISTMAS? Not at all. Oh, nothing like it. Cherry dug her hands down in the pockets of her gaily sweater and gloomily surveyed the lovely scene.

Christmas . . . and the lazy swing of moss garlands from tropical trees? Christmas . . . and a languorous moon riding a southern sky? Christmas . . . and a soft breeze fanning her cheek?

Certainly not! It might be the jolly holiday season at home, thousands of dreary miles away, but there was not the hint of it here.

Cherry walked slowly along the white, gleaming beach. Silver waves lapped softly over the stones. Beautiful! Ah, yes, it had all been wonderful when she first came nearly a year ago. But she had not thought about Christmas then, and how lonely a person could be, even with beauty for a constant companion. All that concerned Cherry was high adventure and the chance to do some fine work in the world.

A hospital had been built. A hospital equipped to the last degree of efficiency. A hospital on one of the



He Waved His Hat, She Waved Her Handkerchief.

larger islands in the southern Pacific. Then had come the call for nurses. Cherry had answered promptly.

And tonight was Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve!

Cherry's mother would be bustling about, busy with a hundred secrets. Rows of plates in the pantry! Rows of stockings on the mantel piece. Whispers in corners. Clatterings up and down the stairs! Giggles from her younger brothers and sisters who could hardly contain themselves for very exuberance.

The rattle of paper being wrapped around presents! Secret conferences about the best manner in which to present mother with the Great Gift! (Probably a new shade for the living room lamp.)

She could smell the fragrance of wood just piled in the fireplace. She could see the scrolled patterns of frost on the windows. And outside the wide, gleaming stretch of snow. White—not white like this southern silver . . .

Then she began thinking of David. He had not wanted her to come. They had had a tremendous quarrel over it.

"Anything might happen to you!" cried David.

She could see David's face now, pale and strained as he tried to smile a good-bye to her from the wharf when she sailed. He waved his hat, she waved her handkerchief. . . . Cherry was quite sensible and practical.

But David . . . well—David was different. She missed telling him for mercy's sake to comb his hair and not let it ramp all over his head like a haystack! David laughed at her, and teased her and was tender in a nice, clumsy way. And he had not written her very often. A slim letter came now and then filled with scraps of home news. He never said he missed her or wanted to see her, or when-in-the-dickens was she coming home? She rather expected to be urged about returning. But not a syllable on the subject.

Cherry was about to rise and go back to her room, shared with another nurse, when she heard quick footsteps behind her.

"Miss Stone," panted the voice of a convalescent native who was allowed to go about on small errands, "Oh, Miss Stone! They want you at the hospital! An accident . . . come!"

Cherry was on her feet in an instant. She ran all the way back, forgetting in her haste the lonely surge of homesickness on Christmas Eve. What could have happened? She gained a fragmentary account from the boy running beside her.

The nurses were trimming a Christmas tree for patients in the ward. Strings of small electric bulbs had been ordered long ago to grace this very occasion. They had come in on the boat that very afternoon, Cherry had paid no attention to the boat. She wanted to get away by herself.

It was the same old story. A short circuit of wires . . . a flash of fire and the tree ablaze in no time. It was not a regulation Christmas tree, but one constructed with patient care to look as neatly like one as possible. Much green paper had been employed, festoons of tinsel, bright baubles.

Cherry flew down the corridor to the ward. And upon entering found plenty to do. The fire had been quenched but not without danger to several patients and nurses. The place was still in a commotion. There was a smell of burned clothing. The wreck of the tree was a heap of ashes. Hands were burned in putting out the fire. Excitement and terror were written on the faces of the sick.

With quiet capability Cherry helped to bring peace out of chaos. She worked quickly. Hands were bound up. Patients soothed. The last traces of the tree removed. Order began to reign again in the large ward.

All through the excitement Cherry was faintly aware of someone who was always ready at her elbow to do the necessary lifting of patients out of the burned area. This somebody had a towel bound over his forehead. It came over his eyes and fell on one side almost obscuring his face. The lights in the ward were not going properly; everything was a bit dim. Cherry paid no attention to anything but the necessary work. But she felt glad of the strong, intelligent hands of this stranger.

When everything possible had been done, Cherry left the ward and went slowly outdoors to get a breath. Now that the emergency was over she began to feel again the unbearable wave of loneliness sweep over her.

She stood a long time in the shadow of a huge tree. How still, how inexpressibly still everything was! You almost expected the moon to make some sound as she glided through the thin rifts of clouds.

Home . . . snow-covered fields so far away . . . would she ever be hearing the musical jingle of sleigh bells?

Somebody stepped beside her. The tall person with the towel bound over his forehead.

"Were you hurt in the fire?" asked Cherry sympathetically.

The tall person drew nearer. The tall person laughed. A deep rumble very pleasant to hear.

"Not much," replied somebody. Cherry stood as if turned to stone. She was stiff with amazement. She tried to cry out, and made no audible sound whatever.

"Only a bit of a burn on my hair," said somebody. Then: "Aren't you glad to see me, Cherry?"

Cherry frowned. Yes, it is regrettable to report, but that is exactly what she did. A thorough-going, complete faint.

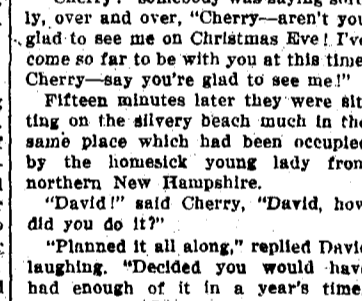
When she came to she tried to explain it away by saying the fire had unnerved her. (Cherry with the best nerves on the island!)

"Cherry!" somebody was saying softly, over and over, "Cherry—aren't you glad to see me on Christmas Eve! I've come so far to be with you at this time. Cherry—say you're glad to see me!"

Fifteen minutes later they were sitting on the silvery beach much in the same place which had been occupied by the homesick young lady from northern New Hampshire.

"David!" said Cherry, "David, how did you do it?"

"Planned it all along," replied David laughing. "Decided you would have had enough of it in a year's time."



They Sat a Long Time in the Silvery Moonlight.

Found out the way to get here, and thought I'd bring a bit of New England Christmas to you out here on these darned coral islands. I've brought you all kinds of things from the farm. Maple sugar, Cherry! Latest pictures of the twins—and holy terrors they are too! Stuff your mother made for you to wear. Oh, the greatest amount of dunnage. I arrived on the boat this afternoon, after fussing about in the Pacific for weeks at dozens of rotten little ports. You were off duty, and just as I was ready to tear around after you, the fire happened."

They sat a long time there in the silvery moonlight. And they talked of roasted chestnuts in front of a fire—and sleigh-rides and plum puddings and stockings hanging in a row on the mantel piece, and how the back stairs creaked when you tried to sneak down 'em early Christmas morning. Cherry was never quite so happy in her life.

"Coming home with me?" asked David.

"We-e-e!" said Cherry.

"Let's get married tomorrow!" suggested David in the cheeriest manner.

"On Christmas Day in the morning!" And they were!

And all the nurses and the doctor, and patients in the ward had a piece of maple sugar instead of a wedding cake.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Hugh W. Dicken

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East Jordan, Mich. Phone No. 128
Office Hours:
11:00 to 12:00 a. m.
2:00 to 4:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

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Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2836 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a ten cent bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND for coughs, colds and hoarseness also free sample packages of FOLEY PELTS, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, and FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS for constipation and biliousness. These wonderful remedies have helped millions of people. Try them! Hite's Drug Store. adv.

PROBATE ORDER

STATE OF MICHIGAN. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 17th day of December A. D. 1925. Present: Servetus A. Correll, Probate Judge. In the Matter of the Estate of LORANA KOEHLER Deceased. The above estate having been admitted to probate and Walter Jaquays appointed administrator thereof. It is ordered that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and that such claims will be heard by said court on Thursday, the 22nd day of April A. D. 1926, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the probate office in the City of Charlevoix. It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in this county. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

**STATE NEWS
IN BRIEF**

Rochester—The Rochester postoffice was destroyed by fire early Thursday. The blaze started in the basement and spread rapidly. No mail was destroyed, but much was badly soaked with water.

Albion—Rev. Carl Smith, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., former Albion young man and son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, of this city, has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church of Grand Lodge, Mich.

Albion—Succeeding Harold B. Norman, of Reed City, and George Price of East Tawas, resigned, Allen Renshaw, of Bronson, and Wendell Edwards, of Royal Oak, have been elected editor and business manager, respectively, of the Albion college field.

Saginaw—Manager J. George O'Brien, of the Automobile Club of Northern Michigan, has announced that B. R. Rickens of Detroit, former manager of the Detroit branch of the Detroit Auto club, has been named manager of the Bay City club, effective January 1.

Holland—According to Captain C. A. Lippincott, the Holland coast guard is to retain its usual crew, during January and February, during which months the station usually was closed. Since all-year traffic now prevails the station has been ordered to remain open.

Pontiac—C. A. Melick and C. S. Boehler, engineers of the state highway department, with City Manager C. W. Ham and city and county engineers recently inspected the proposed plans for widening Saginaw street to conform to wider Woodward avenue. The city has asked the state to approve the plans.

Lansing—The State Conservation Commission will place augmented corps of trappers in the northern Michigan woods this year in an effort to eradicate wolves and other predatory animals. It was announced recently. A number of complaints that wolves are killing deer have been received from Upper Peninsula counties.

Ypsilanti—Mayor Hugh E. Vandewalker, of this city, has set what is said to be a world's record for one month's life insurance work by obtaining applications for 717 policies, totaling \$1,370,350. The work was done in the course of a contest conducted by the company in which prizes were offered to the agent doing the greatest amount of business in one month.

Monroe—The city commission has adopted a resolution fixing December 30 as the date for a special election to choose a municipal judge, following the official canvass of the vote polled on December 7 on the question of consolidation of courts. The new judge will assume his duties January 1, and will receive a salary of \$6,200. He must be a lawyer, the commission ruled.

Ann Arbor—Dr. Francis W. Kelsey, director of Near East Research and head of the Latin department of the University of Michigan, has been elected a foreign correspondent of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, of Paris, according to a report received here. The appointment was made in honor of Dr. Kelsey's work in the excavation of Carthage last spring as a member of the France-American party.

Ypsilanti—Training of the new women's band at the State Normal College here will begin immediately after the reopening of the school following the Christmas holidays, according to an announcement by Prof. John F. Barnhill, faculty manager of the organization. More than 100 students have been enrolled as prospective members. The girls were asked to express a choice as to instruments when enrolling and 32 chose the saxophone.

Port Huron—Leo O'Brien, one of two men bound over to the Circuit Court on a charge of conspiring to defraud three insurance companies by a fire which partially destroyed their grocery store at 2726 Little street, has changed his plea from not guilty to guilty, and has been ordered to appear before Judge Eugene F. Law for sentence. His partner, William Rowland, who also pleaded not guilty, will appear for examination tomorrow.

Battle Creek—A combination of the Postum Cereal company of this city and New York with the Jell-O company, Inc., of Batavia, N. Y., is about to be affected if stockholders of the two concerns will vote approval of plans made by their officers. There have been rumors for the last few days of a deal whereby the Postum Cereal company would acquire a majority of the Jell-O company stock, or vice versa, the sum mentioned as the acquiring price being \$30,000,000.

Grand Rapids—The directors of the Michigan Bell Telephone company, who met here Thursday, authorized the expenditure of \$6,858,000 in extensions to telephone plants throughout the state. Of this amount \$4,150,000 is for Detroit. Expenditures in Grand Rapids from this appropriation will total \$750,000, which is in addition to the \$5,000,000 expended here the last two years. The directors inspected the Grand Rapids plants where progress is being made on the actual merger of the old Citizens' Telephone company's property with the Michigan Bell.

Owosso—Twenty-one employees of the Osburn & Sons' Store here will receive \$357.14 each from the estate of the late James L. Osburn, the last of the line of Osburns who conducted the business since 1857.

Homer—Charles Williams, 31 years old, of Albion, was drowned recently when a coupe in which he was riding went over a bridge inside the city limits of Homer. Homer Deming, 16, of Homer, dived into the icy water and recovered the body but efforts at resuscitation were fruitless.

Benton Harbor—A bill asking congress to appropriate \$160,000 for the construction of a new postoffice building here was introduced last week by Representative John C. Ketcham. An appropriation of \$10,000 for the purchase of a postoffice site at Sturgis was also asked by Ketcham.

Ionia—The Ionia Exchange club will have as its guest and speaker, Mayor John W. Smith, of Detroit, next Tuesday noon. He will come to this city through an invitation of Mayor Fred W. Green, chairman of the club's program committee. The banquet is expected to be the largest ever held by the club and will be staged at Reed Inn.

Lansing—Lansing is to turn back time in its flight and hold an old time dancing party. Through the efforts of the general guild of the St. Paul's Episcopal church, the interest of Mrs. Henry Ford has been enlisted in aiding plans for such a party here the evening of December 18. The affair will be held in the 119th Field Artillery armory.

Lansing—The state conservation commission, meeting here recently, authorized John Baird, director, to set aside from four to eight sections of state-owned land in Montmorency county for a state game reserve. The land is about nine miles from the Turtle Lake hunting club. Territory surrounding the reserve will be open to the public for hunting.

Saginaw—The Saginaw county clerk has received a petition from seven members of the committee on roads and bridges of the Allegan county board of supervisors urging Saginaw supervisors to take action against any repudiation by the state of the state reward monies due the counties amounting to over \$6,000,000. The petition was referred to the next session of the supervisors, which will be Monday.

Pontiac—To investigate the possibility of procuring for Pontiac an airplane factory, as suggested in a recent statement from E. Leroy Pelletier of Detroit, R. G. Neal, president of the Pontiac Board of Commerce, has appointed a committee. Pelletier told the board there was a possibility that Eddie Rickenbacker would locate such a factory here. A petition presented by the Pontiac realty board asked that immediate action be taken on the matter.

Menominee—Dead for at least 10 days while his wife and six children awaited his return, the body of Henry Frock, 44 years old was found recently deep in the woods where the man had frozen to death after being injured by a falling tree he had cut down. Frock was accustomed to visit his family every week end and when he failed to come home for two Sundays in succession, his wife became alarmed and started an inquiry which resulted in the finding of the body.

Lansing—Another chapter in the governor's reorganization of the Michigan State Fair was written last Tuesday when the fair board met here. In addition to the announcement of the personnel of committees intended to perform various managerial functions in connection with the fair, the governor was expected to disclose the findings of the recent administration audit that was made of the fair books. He also was expected to make a pronouncement of policy to be followed in future expositions.

Mt. Pleasant—With the ruins of Central Normal's administration building still smoking, following the \$500,000 fire which destroyed the main building and library, the faculty and student body were rallying to supply the needs of the moment. All classes were held Monday afternoon as usual. Workmen were razing the few parts of the wall yet standing, so that access may be gained to the large safes which have the records of the school. The fire, of unknown origin broke out early last Monday morning.

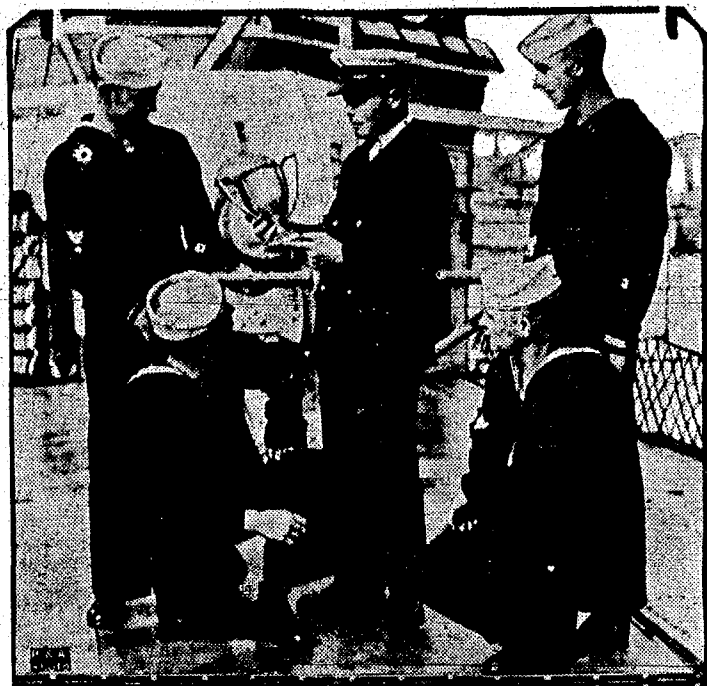
Monroe—Dr. Dennis Dawe defeated Mayor James S. Gilmore by a vote of 2,130 to 999 in the municipal election held recently. Dr. Dawe, who is a former representative, carried all six precincts of the city. Alexis Navarre, the third candidate for mayor, received 100 votes. It was reported that 60 per cent of the voters were women. Those elected as city commissioners were: George Dana, Arthur Navarre and Charles Curson, while Frank Dalber, Theodore Weissel and William Dussablon did not have opposition.

Lansing—Statistics published recently by the census bureau at Washington, show that farms in Michigan are decreasing in numbers and size. The condition is one that is also reported by most other states in the series of summaries the bureau has been issuing. The number of farms in Michigan, according to the 1923 figures, is 192,334, compared with 196,347 in the census of 1920, and their average area was 93.3 acres this year compared with 96.9 acres five years ago. The value per acre was also declining.



Viséed

Win Cup for Radio Excellency



During each competitive gunnery and engineering year, the San Diego destroyer men are continually on the alert to win high honors. The President Coolidge cup for excellence in communication was awarded recently to the Destroyer Litchfield. The cup is awarded annually to the ship attaining the highest score in the combined radio and visual signaling competitions. This picture shows the enlisted men that won the cup, left to right, standing: R. M. Laden, J. R. Elliott, William Tober. Kneeling: R. B. Brighton and Noel Whitcomb.

**STIRRING UP
GERMS**

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

THEY were talking about the various methods of scattering germs and spreading disease when the colored porter came into the car for his final skirmish with the whisk broom before touching the passengers for his tip at the end of the journey. "Bresh you off?" he asked ingratiatingly of one of the doctors.

"That's just exactly what I was talking about," the disciple of Esculapius exclaimed. "Here's one of the finest little systems of spreading germs that ever was invented. The porter brushes me off, and then he brushes you, and every one else, and stirs up a lot of germs to be breathed in and start disease. Germs ought not to be disturbed in public; it's dangerous.

The porter grinned, standing on one foot and then on the other. "Oh, come on, doctah," he said, "and let me bresh you off. What little breshin' I do ain't goin' to disturb no germs."

His work was a mere formality. He expected only to go through the motions. There was no enthusiasm or thoroughness in his accomplishment. I used to wonder why Gilmore did not seem to get on with the firm with whom he was employed. I knew that he had held the same job for ten years or so, and that finally he lost it entirely.

"What was the matter with Gilmore?" I asked the head of the firm one day when we were talking together.

"He showed no interest in his work," was the reply. "He dragged himself to work in the morning as eagerly as if he were going to a hangout or his own funeral. He put no energy into his work. He showed no enthusiasm. We let him go because he was such a dead one."

It was another case of stirring up no germs, of simply going through the motions.

I had Gordon in my office for four years, and he was one of the most enthusiastic workers I have ever known. When he set about rearranging things in the store room, I knew it would be thoroughly done, that the remotest corner would be investigated and every elusive envelope run to cover. When he went through the files for me, there was nothing left without examination. No germs were left undisturbed; he did the

business thoroughly.

"I never got up in the morning," he wrote me when he was leaving, "sorry to have to go to work. I always liked it. It was a pleasure to see how much I could get done, and how well. I don't remember that I ever looked at the clock eager for quitting time."

People who don't know anything about it say that Gordon has been lucky. They can't understand how he has gotten on so fast when there are men who have been with the firm twice as long as he has who are still holding their old jobs.

I know. He stirs things up when he has the whisk broom in his hands. He puts life into his work and energy.

Will Coach Navy Crew



"Bob" Butler, for two years assistant to Coach "Rusty" Callow of the University of Washington, who has accepted the position of coach for the Navy crew.

Pastry That Has Lasted

A collection of well-preserved pastry, made 1,300 years ago, is among the exhibits sent the British museum from western China. It was buried with a traveler in the Seventh century, and includes delicate biscuits, pierced and worked until they look like filigree buckles.

Oldest Church Bell

The oldest known bell still in use is in the parish church of St. Mary of Loreto, at Villalago, in the Abruzzi mountains. Italy, and is dated 600 A. D. So that for over 1,300 years it has called worshippers to prayer.

**"NO MAN IS USELESS"
—MESSAGE OF CHEER**

CHRISTMAS snow was falling, but the downy flakes, so feathery and beautiful in themselves, were covering the earth with a thick, cold blanket which to Mr. Simmons' mind was like a shroud to all the ambitions of his life. When others were jostling each other good-naturedly in every store, buying presents to surprise their loved ones, and wrapping them tenderly in tissue paper tied with scarlet ribbon behind closed doors, this lonely soul walked the streets uneasily and aimlessly, disturbed and tormented by the unwonted crowds of shoppers, and, if the truth were known, hopelessly depressed both by the weather, and the animated throngs so busy with activities which he could neither share nor bear.

Alone, yet terribly afraid to be alone, and feeling more so in these crowds in which he had no part, he turned his footsteps from the town and sought companionship from Nature. He strolled across the snowy fields, beside a freezing brook, and into a pine grove all weighted down with snow. There in the solitude he felt gradually at ease, for a throng of happy memories came trooping to him through the trees—memories of yesteryear, when with his sisters in these very woods he had helped chop down the family Christmas tree when he was very small. What jolly days those were—what fun they'd had—he lived again those happy times before the reaper came. And then, mechanically, as he leaned against a tree, he drew from his pocket an envelope he had received that morning, but had not had interest enough to open for it was evidently a baneful Christmas card. But he tore it open now, and read:

The best day in the year
Brings the best wish in the world
To my best friend,
Merry Christmas.

Tears of gratitude filled his eyes, for certainly he had not lived in vain when one could send him such a message. Joyfully he quoted Stevenson's words, "No man is useless while he has a friend," and then he turned his steps toward town.—H. Lucius Cook.
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THE UNUSUAL USUAL

"WE'RE tired of Christmas, they said. 'It's the same old thing every year. Same old wreaths. Same old nuisance getting presents. Same old expense. Same old fatigue. Same old holiday greetings. Nothing new about it. It's a bore."

Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Joylessness. They do not see, poor, pathetic creatures that they are, that the usual things are in reality the unusual.

Love is usual, so are children, so is a birthday, an anniversary, friendship.

But only the usual can rise to the great heights.

And Christmas is the most unusual of all.—Mary Graham Bonner.
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FREQUENTLY HAPPENS



First Bug—What do you expect for Christmas.
Second Bug—Judging by past experience, something that I will have no use in the world for!

**Christmas Season Time
to Make New Friends**

THE car stopped. It had been passing through a poor locality that Christmas morning.

"Where are all these old women hurrying?" the lady asked of one of the old women hobbling along.

"Bet Bog's man is hurted, an' we're goin' to help what we can, mam."

"So many?"

"Oh, I'll clean the windy, likely, an' Jen, yonder, who's a good cook, will get dinner. Some'll do one thing, an' some another. We'll all help, so Bet can be with her man. We like to be neighborly."

The lady drove on, but stopped at a Christmas store.

She had lived next door to her neighbor for three years, and had never nodded or called. Such things were common in their sets.

But now the car stopped, and the lady went to the house and introduced herself, and begged to come in later and see the children playing about the Christmas tree.

They parted with warmly clasped hands. They were to be good friends. It had just come about.

The footman had taken an armful of bundles round to the side door.—Frank Herbert Sweet.
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**CHRISTMAS MORNING
—THE MAGIC PILLOW**

THE serene, hushed silence of the hospital was of utmost contrast to the turbulent, rushing, noisy, jostling crowds elbowing their way along the well-filled thoroughfare. The comfortable, even temperature of the hospital contrasted singularly with the blustering, crisp, wintry, typically Christmas weather outside.

The silence of this huge, white building was broken now and then by the soft though swift footfalls of three or four busy young men. The patients in the free ward who were well enough, wondered what it all meant. Two youths in particular were interested in the coils of wire and doings of these men. They secretly hoped that they might be up and bustling about, shortly, as these lads were. It is not strange that two normal boys would be interested in being up and busy with crisp Christmas air and inspirations floating about. A free ward is a bit dull.

Bill occupied the last cot in the south end of the room, and Jack was on the cot at Bill's left. The next morning, Christmas morning, Bill woke, listened a moment, then rang for the floor nurse. In his excitement he roused Jack.

"Jack, are we alive? I hear bells, chiming, singing."
"Well, I heard it, too, when I had my head on the pillow, but now that I have lifted my head up, I don't hear it."

The nurse arrived, beaming with smiles. When questioned by the excited boys, she answered, "The boys in the radio class at the high school in back of us here, thought they would surprise you, and I guess they did. The head phones worked fine. Perhaps you would like to talk to those boys who installed your set. They are tuning in. I will get them."

Jack and Bill could not contain themselves. "A radio, how wonderful! The days won't be half so long."
—Eleanor E. King.
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CHRISTMAS

A STORY in two parts. The birth of a Babe, heralded by angels, and the wonderful light from a star; The career of a Man whose life radiated love and good will.

With the Babe God came to earth. In the Man He walked and communed with men. In both, the Divine and human are beautifully interwoven into the love which Christmas personifies.

Let us sense the light above the manger and feel the warmth of the love which has hallowed the day since first the angels brought their unusual message. May Christmas bring you joy.
—W. D. Pennypacker.
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SEASONABLE WILDNESS



She—I know a place nearby where the mistletoe grows wild.
He—Lead me there. I'll grow wild, too.

**Everybody's Tree Is
the Community Tree**

CHRISTMAS means so much that one day cannot contain it. It begins about December 1 and continues until New Year's Day crowds it out. Forests of evergreen trees move into town in advance. Burdened expressmen and overloaded postmen serve Santa Claus as heralds, and the tide of joyful excitement rises higher and higher until it foams about the roots of the sparkling and beautiful community Christmas trees.

It was a glorious tree last year. The moon looked down from a peaceful sky. The singers filled the air with sweet sounds. The people who crowded about were from every land. They all translated the carols into their own tongues and made them bring back the gladness of past days. All nations and all denominations were for a moment unified as they stood in front of the courthouse and looked up past the summit of the tree that stood for all and saw the flag of America shining in the spotlight and streaming in the free air of our great democracy. The tree that grows on American soil is Everybody's Tree. It sheds its light and its gift of liberty upon us all.—Christopher G. Hamard.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHARGE IT

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

HOWARD was broke, he said, and needing money badly. It was not only that he was broke, but he was seriously in debt.

"The trouble with me," he said, "is that my credit's too good. All that I need to do when I see a suit of clothes or a silk shirt or a blazer in a shop window is to go in and charge it. The hardest thing for a young fellow to understand is that when he charges anything it ultimately has to be paid for."

When I was a young chap on the farm it was the custom to have a running account at the grocery store in the village and at the dry goods store. When any one of the family wanted some article of clothing, or mother wanted groceries for the table, all we had to do was to go into the store and order it. Father paid the bill at the end of the year.

The trouble with the system was that the bill was always larger than he or any one of us had suspected. There was much discussion before the bill was paid. There were many items we had all forgotten about, and the price always seemed larger when the bill was to be paid than when the original charge was made. We came to see that the merchant who carried the charge never did so for nothing. We paid in the end for more than the credit was worth. We learned that the cheapest and the safest way is to pay cash for what you buy.

Baldwin wandered into my office a few days ago so old and broken, so gray and wrinkled, that I scarcely knew him. He walked with a cane, and he carried the stick not for show, but because he needed to bear his weight upon it. And yet Baldwin was not really an old man. He had been a gay youth prodigal of time and money. He was strong and healthy and prided himself that he could stand any sort of physical and mental distipation. He worked all night often, he ate more than was good for him; he smoked and drank heavily; he could get on with very little sleep, and he seemed for years to show very little ill effects from his uncertain habits.

It was only another case of running a charge account, however. Nature always asks for a final settlement in such cases, and she piles up compound interest. Baldwin was only paying his charge account which had been running for so many years.

Gregory in his junior year was having trouble with his studies. He worked harder than he had ever done, he admitted, but he was not getting on. The college was getting more rigid, he claimed, the instructors were piling on the work as never before. The real facts were that Gregory was only settling his charge account—with interest as always. He had loafed during his first two years, he had charged his intellectual accounts, and now he was having to carry himself while paying the old debt.

It is so always. Whatever we charge mental, moral, or financial, we shall ultimately have to pay with added interest.

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DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Quicker Development

Canada has a land area of 3,745,574 square miles and a population of 7,200,000. This is an average population of two to the square mile. The United States has 3,000,000 square miles, 100,000,000 population, or about 34 persons to the square mile. Canada's railroad mileage is 20,330, while that of the United States is 244,000.

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Cannon Ball Hail Storm

In Natal, South Africa, on April 17, 1874, hailstones weighing one and one-half pounds fell, and on their way to the ground perforated corrugated iron roofs.—Science Service.

Tennessee Senator



This is a new portrait of Lawrence Davis Tyson, who has succeeded John K. Shields as United States senator from Tennessee. He was on hand when the sessions of the Sixty-ninth congress opened.

Smart Fashion Emphasizes Blouse of Elaborate Type



The vogue for the separate blouse and skirt is in the ascendancy. So well do women of fashion think of it, the two-piece effect in elaborated form is accepted as correct for evening dress as well as day-time wear. As a consequence, the separate blouse or tunic has become a glorified garment for the making of which stylists seek out gorgeous metal brocades and tissues, richly beaded and palleted fabrics, rare laces and elegant colorful velvets.

These abound in intricate needlework, also hand-painting which glows with the color of modernistic design. Metal embroidery also contributes its share of decorative interest.

For formal afternoon wear, the blouse in the picture finds favor. With such, the skirt of black velvet is considered best chic. It must be interestingly flared either in circular form or with inset godets.

Scarff collars, lavishly embellished, form part of the design of the fashionable overblouse.

Combines Fan and Fountain

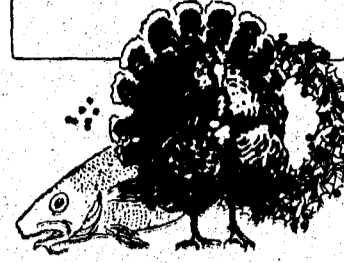
One of the most remarkable palm trees in the world is to be found in West Africa. Its branches grow in the shape of a fan, and always east to west, and are filled with a cool, pleasant-tasting liquid, which often saves the lives of travelers whose water supply has run short.—Los Angeles Times.

Novel Food Statistics

A healthy man with a good appetite in 70 years assimilates over 96 tons of material, solid and liquid, or, putting it another way, consumes over 1,280 times his own weight.

Cape Cod Turkeys (and the other kind)

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET



"I M HURRYIN'" announced big Tom Walton, as his hard-worked car came to a labored stop in the deep sand, "an' Highway Steed's hired, I know. Let's pitch our camp right here."

"Short on gas or oil?" questioned his wife, as she slipped a handful of corn into a coop from which came a suspicious gobbling.

"No, long on sand," replied big Tom, stretching and preparing to decent.

"Hold on a minute," ordered his wiry little wife, half rising and peering about. "S'pose 't would rain to-night, an' this sand change to mud. We'd be anchored for keeps—leastways for part of our nat'lral life. Besides 't ain't fit, jest sand an' messy scrub. We'll go on a little—crawl, 't need be."

"All right—all right, Molly," obediently, grasping the wheel and commencing to fiddle it as he pressed on the gas. "Guess 't would be best. Cripes! Beats all how Highway Steed bears up under difficulties! She's go-



"I Guess Somebody's Going to Have a Good Time."

in," admiringly. "All the way from western Idaho, 37 days on the way, over rocks an' mountains an' through mud, an' never hipped till she got back into her own dooryard, so to speak."

"Never saw this comic supplement of a road before," Molly sniffed disdainfully, "or at any rate, if I ever did. I'd be ashamed. Trouble was that you swung into that 'openin' by Seth Dobb's store; thinkin' it looked more promis'in', an' 't fooled you at the very fust—corner."

"How you know it's Seth Dobb's?" "Well, 't was 40 years ago," defensively, "an' things never change on this part o' Cape Cod. Hey? Hi! Catch back that Christmas tree 'fore 't falls off ag'in. Tom, 'n' while ye're at 't, h'ist back that 'box o' presents a little more so 't won't unbalance. Hope nothin's been left by the way-side."

"Has," piped a high but rather sweet voice from the gloom of a stunted pine. "This here baggy thing fell out a box when it caught in the tree-branch. Guess 't wa'n't hurt much, bein' soft an' not glass."

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Molly, aghast, as the tear-stained face of the girl appeared, "that's my plum puddin'."

"What's a plum puddin'?" "Part o' Christmas," explained Molly. "For longer keepin' an' to be sure of hayin'."

"You see," added Tom, "we come from Idaho, an' ma packed grub for hungry folks a long way, meanin' me mostly. An' while she was 'bout it she added Christmas fixin's."

"It was 40 years ago when we left here," confided Molly. "An' of course I wanted to bring all was handy to in the car. That's why I had Tom cut a handsome Christmas tree along the road. I didn't member any good ones growin' round here. An' we gathered some mistletoe an' holly, too, an' bought more Santa Claus stuff along the way."

"Gee!" envied the girl. "I guess somebody's goin' to have a good time, an' I bet it's Susan Bunch. She an' her folks have most everything—though Susan does say they can't 'ford anything but a Cape Cod turkey this year. They did have a reg'lar turkey one Christmas, though. Susan brags on it now. I—I never saw one."

"Is that what you were blubberin'—I mean cryin' about?" asked Tom kindly.

"M-mostly," in a low voice. "I—I got to thinkin' 'bout Christmas close by, with nothin' but codfish for every 14 years I've lived, an'—an' I hate Cape Cod turkey. So—I—dropped down—an' bawled. An' I was lone-some, too. Father an' mother went for a week to the village to visit Aunt Jane who's sick, an' do her chores. I'm alone, with Billy, who's ten, an'—I broke down jest a minute."

"Too bad—" began Tom. "Don't get an idea fater an' mother

forward... Christmas... between 'em, an' up and choked back so...

"Got over it," she declared, often mush soft like that. Now can help any—show direction or something? Look like you might be off the track."

"Not altogether," considered Tom. "I've been right along this road in spite of Molly's doubts. That pint of land runnin' out into the boghole yonder," nodding into the deepening gloom, "is where I blundered in with a buggy an' had to wade ashore with my feet soaked. I was embarrassed, for that was the night I proposed to Molly—crisis of my life, you see—"

"Pshaw! Tom, stop bein' foolish," laughed his wife. "Look here, my dear," to the girl, "it will take Tom all night to ramble through explanations. I don't know who's alive—though of course nobody's moved away. Nobody never does from along here."

"They do," affirmed the girl. "Who's your folks?" "Sally an' Jane an' Ed Tate—that's my folks. An' John an' Bill Walton—Tom's folks."

"John Walton's dead, an' Bill moved to Canada," began the girl. "An'—"

"You know 'em both?" asked Tom.

"I know 'em or know of 'em. Ain't only a handful round anyhow, so everybody knows everybody else. Jane Tate moved to Provincetown, married a fish man. Ed went to be a sailor, an'—"

"She climbed on the running board and was now peering into the car, first at one face and then the other. "Why! Guess you're Aunt Molly an' Uncle Tom. Sa-ay, we live only a few rods here in the scrub. Pa an' ma's off visitin' Aunt Jane, but comin' back soon. An' ma's Sally. I'm keepin' house, with supper jest ready. I was startin' to call Billy, who's pickin' cranberries?"

"Cranberries?" interrupted Molly, excitedly. "That's the one Christmas thing we couldn't find West. So Billy's got cranberries?"

"More'n a barrel, so far. 'Lows mebbe he can sell part of 'em to the store—but shucks! No one buys cranberries here. They raise 'em, an' Cape Cod turkeys, an' three-foot pines, an' nothin'—oh yes, wild geese sometimes fly over. But come on to supper," as a "Hoo-hoo" sounded among the scrub. "That's Billy. Hope you're hungry."

"Starved," declared Uncle Tom, solemnly. "An' there ain't nothin' so good in all the West as a Cape Cod turkey."

After they had finished supper, and the woman and girl cleaned up and washed dishes and the man and eager boy gone out to groom Highway Steed as well as they could in the half darkness, they all gathered outside to talk things over.

"Pretty good cook, Janie?" asked Aunt Molly.

"Ain't had many things to practice on," confessed the girl.

"Well, I've been told I am, so a good an' a willin' ought to do fine. Pa an' ma comin' home Thursday, you say?"

"The girl's and boy's heads bobbed together. Their eyes were snapping. "Four days," went on the woman. "Guess we can do it all right. We'll

use the parlor for the tree an' presents—that's the biggest room. An' we'll have presents an' ornaments enough to make things look nice."

"Guess we will," declared the children, fervently, for they had seen. "An' three reg'lar turkeys!"

"The kitchen an' piazza," reflectively, "we'll fix up with a double table. Lots of old acquaintances we'll want to invite, an' we must have three or four belchin's. Some friends you want, of course," to the children.

"I—I'd like to ask Susan Bunch," hesitated Janie. "She is a nice girl if she does brag, an' can't 'ford nothin' but Cape Cod turkey this year."

"An' I'd feel mighty set up to 'rite Toad Higgs—Ted Higgs, I mean."

"All right. Invite 'em an' any more you'd like," cordially. "I guess we can scare up presents for 'em."

"How 'bout 'Highway Steed'?" queried Tom. "Seems like comin' all the way across with no lay off, she ought to have a hand in—or rather some gas in."

"Course," agreed Molly, looking at him, considering. "S'pose you go down to the village the day before Christmas an' bring back Janie's pa an' ma. An' if there's anything to buy, bring 'em all out. An' of course take Billy an' Janie along. An' I guess, as Tom was beginning to beam, "you might go round Christmas mornin' an' bring all the guests to dinner. Seems as if they'd mebbe like it. An' I guess Highway Steed will like it, too."

"Too bad—" began Tom. "Don't get an idea fater an' mother

friends at an afternoon tea. "The day after Christmas Mrs. Hull begins saving pennies that come into her hands through the year. She places them in a toy bank and adds six per cent interest at the end of the year. If she has saved ten dollars in pennies she adds sixty cents, which she says pays postage on her Christmas parcels. She always has a fund for Christmas, for she has never acquired the 'penny habit of giving' to church activities. Last year she divided the 'fancy fund' among her nieces and nephews, with instructions that the small amount was to be placed in saving and to be added to, or used as capital to compile more capital. The results were interesting, for each recipient must always keep that amount in reserve for a future savings account."

"Once Mrs. Hull purchased seeds and bulbs and distributed them where they would be appreciated; once she subscribed for magazines which rotated among a large number of readers, some in public institutions. Another time she ordered toys, games and books for a children's home; another year she procured dozens of small dolls, with remnants for clothes, to send to a needy mission school. Once she sent hundreds of greeting cards, and once scores of inspiring mottoes to places where such things are seldom seen. Her mother one year received a fresh bouquet or a plant every few weeks during the year. This year her husband, who promised her his pennies, has added to her 'fancy fund.' She has over twelve dollars with the interest, and she has figured she may spend twenty-five cents each week during the year in making someone happier—fifty-two weeks of sending Christmas cheer! As ideas and opportunities present themselves each week she will use the fund. The first week she invited a homesick college boy into her home to spend the weekend.

"It seems to me that Mrs. Hull is accumulating more than cold capital in her penny plan. She is establishing a bank of blessings with unlimited reserve funds of love, which compounds interest at a rapid rate and pays one hundred per cent." "Divineline dividends," Mrs. Leigh answered softly.—Gertrude Walton. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE SHOP GIRLS

THE woman made a leisurely survey of the vast outspread of Christmas goods, then turned to the girl behind the counter.

"You must have a Christmas feeling in here," she congratulated. "I almost envy you, my dear. That group of school girls did seem so happy over something."

It was early, with very few customers. The woman talked at the counter ten minutes or more, then was conscious of a low, peculiar whistle.

The counter girl flushed anxiously and moved straight toward the door of the room manager.

The customer went on a few minutes to another girl.

"What is it?" she asked; "What's wrong with her? She is a nice girl, and her expenses at school, and supporting her mother. Pity the room manager wants her job for another—please don't be seen talking to me any more. I—I can't be losing my place."

"Why, my poor girl! I should be seen buying instead of talking. Up and down by the door a girl said this store stops salaries on vacation. Um!"

The girl Janie was just coming to the office, crying.

"Fired you, did they?" "Customer, frowning. "Here—here," fumed the manager, at the door.

"Why, Mrs. Walton! I should be seen buying instead of talking. Up and down by the door a girl said this store stops salaries on vacation. Um!"

"The girl Janie was just coming to the office, crying. "Fired you, did they?" "Customer, frowning. "Here—here," fumed the manager, at the door.

"Why, Mrs. Walton! I should be seen buying instead of talking. Up and down by the door a girl said this store stops salaries on vacation. Um!"

"Or I shall change my custom to a more humane store. Have a talk with the owners. Tell them the alternative. They will jump to do it. No, Janie, at the girl's wondering look, "I don't own a cent of stock; just supposed to be the largest customer. And—er, I'm trying to make all you girls a Christmas present."—Frank Herbert Sweet. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Sing Hey and Ho! Sing hey and ho for the Christmas tree! And ho for the Christmas joy! Sing hey and ho and three times three For the merry girls and boys! —F. H. Sweet.

SUCH IS LIFE

By Dan Zelm

G BUT SUM KIDS R OBSERVING



SEE THE PRETTY PICTURES JACK FROST HAS PAINTED ON THE WINDOWS THIS MORNING

WHO IS JACK FROST?



WHY HE'S THE LITTLE FAIRY WHO PAINTS THE WINDOW PANES AND WHO PAINTS PEOPLES NOSES RED IN COLD WEATHER.



IS HE THE ONE WHAT PAINTS ALL THE LADIES LIPS SO RED TOO?

THE PICKERINGS
MRS. PICKERING

UNCLE JIM'S CHRISTMAS

By MARION R. REAGAN

G HERE wasn't a single child in the family now and Christmas, they all agreed, was a time for children. At any rate they all said that.

They had scattered as families sometimes do, and those left in the town were two older families. Yes, it was quite true. There wasn't a single child in the family now. They had nieces and nephews, small children they knew and were fond of to whom they would give presents. They would give nice presents, too.

They themselves would be sensible. They would not give presents to each other. They were grown-up. Why should they go in for something that was distinctly a possession of childhood?

They would have Christmas dinner together. That they had finally decided they could not forego. Oh, the other ruling was very sensible, and they all agreed, but—well, it was quite sensible. Children belonged to Christmas, Christmas to children. Let it remain that way.

The family who lived down by the old mill were having the Christmas dinner. The other family were coming to it and were going to bring the mince pies and the plum puddings as their part of the Christmas feast. They wanted to do something about a Christmas dinner—there wasn't any special reason for it but they wanted to do something.

The table was set the night before. There wasn't much to do Christmas morning. Later they would go to church and join in singing the Christmas hymns. That would be suitable to the day—the holiday, holy day, joy.

But there was a time in between—a time before when the children had had their presents—while still they were children, before they had grown up or gone away. That time would be curiously, outstandingly empty.

No one talked about it. No one said a word. But none of them could quite bear to think of that Christmas present time when the packages were opened, when there was curious, eager excitement and pleasure, delight in one's own gifts and in the gifts of others.

No one said a word. No one knew what each other was thinking. But early that morning one of the members of the family down by the mill telephoned the other family and asked them to come down early.

"I just fixed up one or two little things," said the one who had telephoned, a little shyly, and to her own family she said the same.

They came. Every one gathered about the old table that had been brought out every Christmas. It was a shabby old table, but it somehow seemed to be a part of Christmas. And in no time it was covered with gifts. Every one had surreptitiously been fixing up little presents for each other. And the table groaned under its weight of packages tied with gay old ribbons and tissue paper as of yore.

"But we agreed we wouldn't give any Christmas presents to each other this year," they murmured from time to time.

"We said we wouldn't have a Christmas celebration now that we were all grown up."

"Christmas, we said, was entirely a day for children."

Yes, so they had said. But so deeply was the Christmas celebration around the shabby old table, before the big fireplace, rooted in the heart of each that they couldn't, in spite of their resolves, do any differently.

"I think," one of them said when every present had been opened, simply, thoughtful little gifts and surprises. "that Christmas should be for every one. No one is too old to enjoy it."

And how proudly they said to their friends as they met after church: "You must come in and see our presents. We got lovely things. Just what we wanted!"

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Christmas Wisdom
A foolish man is one who doesn't know what his wife wants, so he goes and gets it—probably a clothes wringer.

A wise man knows his wife needs a pair of arrettes, but has wit enough to buy her double-decker jade earrings! —Martha Banning Thomas.

Mistletoe
Mistletoe, when not suspended, is regarded by the superstitious as a harbinger of bad luck.—London Times.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

I T WAS just a week before Christmas. The Jacksons—that is to say, the J. J.'s, the R. P.'s and the W. J. Jacksons—had all met in the home of the latter to discuss what was referred to as their "predicament." The oldest son of the W. J. Jacksons had just gone into business some few months before and his father, and his two uncles, J. J. and R. P., had endorsed his note. In the meantime the business had failed and the Jacksons were now called on to make the note good. To pay, as they certainly would have to, meant to sacrifice what little they had, and none of them was any too prosperous.

"How about asking Uncle Jim for the money?" R. P. suggested. "He's rich enough and it wouldn't hurt him."

"Yes," interrupted his wife, "but you forget he's just as tight as he's rich, and there isn't one of us that's even laid eyes on him since Cousin William's death four years ago."

"That's all right," replied her husband, "people get generous impulses at Christmas time, and you never get anything in this world unless you ask for it."

Everyone agreed that what R. P. said was true enough, but none would stoop to ask a favor of him. It wouldn't do, that was all. It wouldn't do.

However, after the little meeting broke up and the families went on their various ways, each had the idea that after all it wouldn't hurt to try Uncle Jim. They would say nothing to the rest and if it did not turn out well, no one would ever know.

And so that night three letters were sent to Uncle Jim—one from R. P., one from W. J. and one from J. J. Jackson, asking for \$5,000 to pay off the note of the young Jackson, and thus save three families from utter ruin.

Uncle Jim, an irate, extremely close old bachelor, was furious the morning of December 23. He paced the floor, his face crimson, three letters crumpled in his fist. "By George, what nerve! The 'begging beasts!' he exploded. He sat down to write a



"And One From J. J. Jackson Asking for \$5,000."

terse note to each saying "No," definitely, but found it a little difficult—even he—to be so cold. Finally he thought the easiest way to get out of it gracefully would be to write saying that he himself had had reverses and was poorer than any one of them. To make it a little more graphic, he even referred to his "cold garret."

Mrs. J. J. Jackson appeared at the breakfast table next morning with a letter in her hand.

"From Uncle Jim," she answered simply to her husband's inquiry.

"Nothing doing, I suppose?" he asked.

"Oh, it's much worse than that, Jack; the poor old man—read this. Isn't it too bad, after all he's had?"

"Let's invite him here for Christmas dinner," suggested Mrs. J. J. "It's pretty hard on him, you know, being alone and old like that."

It was agreed. Mrs. J. J. sat down and wrote the following: "Dear Uncle Jim: We are so sorry to have bothered you with our note, but we never knew of your reverses. Won't you coin and spend the Christmas holidays with us? The enclosed is a postal order for \$2.50 to cover the fare. Do come. We are most anxious to see you. Your affectionate niece,

"ANN."

The peculiar thing was that precisely the same thing happened in the home of the R. P.'s and W. J.'s, with the result that Uncle Jim again received three letters from his nieces, all enclosing the fare to Evansville for Christmas dinner.

Old Uncle Jim was genuinely touched. Of all the things that might have happened, certainly this was the last he would have expected. That night, Christmas Eve, the Jacksons met again at the J. J.'s to discuss what could be done about the note, which had to be met on the 26th. They had not gotten far with their plans when the noise of a high-powered motor was heard outside and the bell rang. "Gracious, Uncle Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. J. J., when she opened the door. "Of course, Uncle Jim," said the old man. "I was only teasing you when I wrote that letter. I had intended coming all along and paying off the little note. Here take these—just a few Christmas greetings for each of you."

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THINKS OF FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS TIME

AT CHRISTMAS time more than at any other season of the year my thoughts turn to the old friends. Memories and recollections of the old home circle come thick and fast; father—how grave and serious he was—and the older boys and my sister, and dearest of all—mother. They are nearer to me at Christmas than at any other time of the year. It was mother who told us the Christmas stories and filled our stockings after we had all been sent off to bed. I knew I should always find raisins in mine—mother knew well how I liked them. I never see a box of raisins today without recalling all the Christmas joys of childhood—and mother. How far away these old friends are! Most of them are lying silent and still in the little country cemetery near which we lived, and all that are living are scattered.

The college community in which we live is nomadic and shifting. The friends of today pass on rapidly and are gone tomorrow to the remotest parts of the earth. The old friends are everywhere. No matter where I go—New York or San Francisco, Minneapolis or New Orleans, Naples or Edinburgh, Paris or London, I happen upon them. I met one in Pompeii; I had hardly been ten minutes in Toronto, where I thought I knew no one, until I almost ran head-first into an old acquaintance.

Where are your old friends? "Gone, scattered," you say. Ten years ago, at Christmas time, I was with twenty young college friends gathered about the fireplace, hilariously celebrating before they should go home for the holidays. Where are they now? One has been far beyond the Canal zone; another is making a home for himself on the Pacific coast; three are in New York; two are in England, and others are in various and remote parts of this country. One of these, wrote me this week: "Time has not made me forget the Sunday evening we spent about your old fireplace when we were served with sponge cake and milk. I should like to be there just once more, but I should want to come back to my work the next day." What a child he seems to me!

My experience is only the common experience of us all. Time breaks our closest associations and scatters our companions of a few years ago. But it is the old friends and the friends who are far away of whom we are thinking most these days—those that have gone, and those that are going.

There are a few of us whose thoughts and whose prayers are not with our old friends at Christmas time—those who are near and those who are far away. Living or dead—wherever they are—God bless them and keep them all!—Thomas Arkie Clark.

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CHILDREN'S VOICES AT CHRISTMAS TIME

IT WAS the Christmas time. Snowflakes like soft downy feathers were falling over the city, covering its dirt and soot with a beautiful blanket of white.

Men and women were jostling one another through the crowded city streets. Some were laden with packages. Some carried but a few.

A few were poorly clothed; yet with calm, satisfied faces. More were poorly clothed, with sad, restless faces, as if they grieved for what they could not have.

Many wore rich clothing and luxurious furs, and some of these had calm, restful faces; but many were weary as if they worried for a peace which was not theirs.

A beggar sat in a corner selling his pencils, one by one. Many unheeding the pencils, dropped a coin into the box strapped about his weather-beaten neck. Some, not noticing the beggar, passed in and out of the great department store.

Many stories over the beggar's head Christmas carols had been pealing forth all the afternoon. The passers-by could not have failed to hear them;

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SUCH IS LIFE
By Van Zelm
WHAT'S FAIR
2 1 IS
FAIR 2. ANOTHER



(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

In Chicago's "Sky White House"



When President Coolidge visited Chicago to attend the opening session of the American Farm Bureau federation he occupied the "sky White House" which has been built on the top of the new Hotel Sherman, 300 feet above the street. It is a two-story Georgian dwelling, beautifully furnished and decorated. In the photograph workmen are shown putting on the finishing touches in one of the rooms.

yet if their minds or hearts responded they gave no sign. Their expressions changed not.

Down through the hurrying crowds came a group of little girls on Christmas shopping bent, hastening to the store over which the Christmas chimes rang out. Heedless of the elbowing throng they stopped to listen and saw the beggar.

"Let's buy," said the blithe little leader, and they stepped forward to purchase his wares.

The dull-eyed creature looked at the fresh young faces and spoke: "Why don't you sing, girls?"

"All right. Let's!" joyfully agreed the gay children.

"The Lord is come!" the clear young voices took up the old refrain. Pedestrians, so long unmindful of the chimes, turned at the sound of the children's voices. Some stopped and listened; tense faces relaxed, softened; many smiled as they went on their way.

Other children joined the little band. They sang the old hymn through; then scurried away. But those who had heard and seen remembered. Their hearts were lightened; their burdens lifted; their worries seemed passed away.

It was the children's voices. It was a beggar's whim.—Florence H. Wells.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Thrilling facts: What you haven't done so far will not likely be done in 1925.

The Spanish seem to be moving back to popular government, and we are glad to see it.

Gas Makes People Nervous and Restless

Gas pressure in the abdomen causes a restless, nervous feeling and prevents sleep. Adierika removes gas in TEN minutes and brings out surprising amounts of old waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation or ailed stomach trouble. Don't waste time with pills or tablets but get REAL Adierika action! GIDLEY & MAC, Druggists. adv.

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DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Early Finger-Print Use

Eastern nations centuries before the Christian era used finger-print identification systems. Authorities today believe that no two finger prints are exactly alike. They further hold that the lines on the finger of any individual do not change all through life. Police in all countries now use the finger-print system for identification purposes.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Father Sage Says:
Good roads mean trade; poor roads mean—grade!

Father Sage Says:
Th' fellow what hasn't sense enough to realize a thing can't be done often jest goes right ahead.

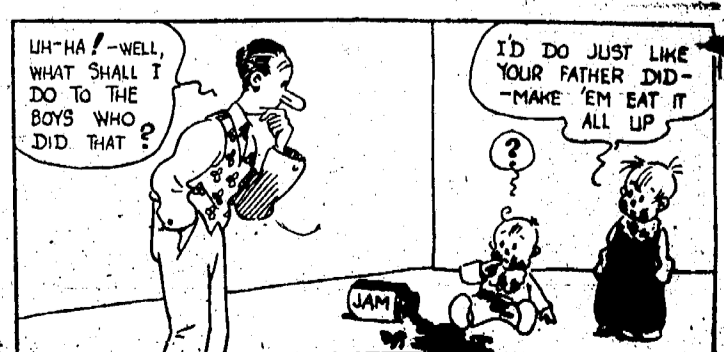
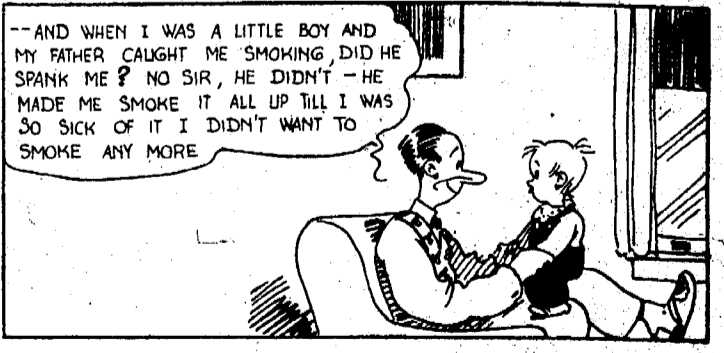
an' does it!

Sir Oliver Lodge upholds evolution and creation. Some scientist.

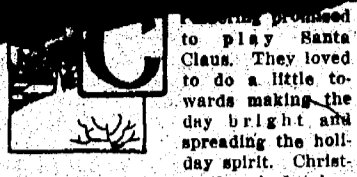
MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING

Don't go around feeling tired, lacking in energy and strength, because your kidneys are not working properly. The use of FOLEY PILLS, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, will flush your kidneys, remove injurious waste matter and bring the kidneys back to a normal, active condition. FOLEY-PILLS are the only thing I got to do me any good," writes Sam Brenner, Alexandria, Ind.—Hite's Drug Store. adv.

EAGLE MILKADO
The YELLOW PENCIL RED BAND
with the EAGLE PENCIL CO. NEW YORK, U.S.A.



(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)



mas after Christmas they had taken some part—if not for the children, then for the sick or aged—but always some part.

This time it was different. They, themselves, nervously awaited the day. It was to be unique. They were to help in a festive occasion at a state's prison. They were to carry gladness and the spirit of Christmas with them and radiate it within four sombre stone walls. It seemed almost impossible.

The Pickeringns were to impersonate Santa and Mrs. Santa Claus.

When the time arrived and everything else was in readiness Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus found there was but one way to get into the assembly hall to create the proper effect. That was by climbing three tiers of fire escape and entering a window.

This was the plan chosen as there was no dressing room in connection with the hall and no place where Santa and his party could be detained in comfort throughout the first half of a lengthy program without being observed by all.

To climb three stories of fire escape on a winter's night with ever so small a bundle is difficult enough, but to ascend the cold iron stairway each with a large basket or bag filled with oranges and candy, and to have to replenish their supply through this same dangerous way was almost more than they bargained for or were, indeed, able to do. It was work, and Captain and Mrs. Pickering never denied it.

When Santa poked his bewhiskered head through the window and dragged his lumbering bundle after him there was a hum of suppressed voices, and a marked increase in noise and merriment when Mrs. Santa appeared.

All the time they were distributing candy and fruit they were besieged by questions from the crowd, and replied with as much spirit and gaiety as the place and the condition of the assembled audience would allow. It is but fair to say that Santa and Mrs. Santa both enjoyed their visit to that unusual place, and that they lingered longer than their usual custom on holiday visits.

Christmas is always a day of joyful interest, and Santa was glad to look squarely into the faces of the many gathered in that hall that night. In spite of the clouds and mists of circumstances that engulfed them his visit during that holiday season seemed to have touched a chord that was welcome in the memory of each. Countenances at first hard, softened with the recollections of happier years. Flashes came into eyes that bespoke joy that is good, and ambitious, and noble. Regrets, and remorse, and sorrows—if there were any—were this day swallowed up in the more sentimental and romantic myths about Christmas.

That was a memorable day for Mr. and Mrs. Pickering. They had given a little of themselves in their desire to cheer others, and in doing so the flames of gladness were started with renewed vigor in their hearts. They had learned something, too. They were wiser.

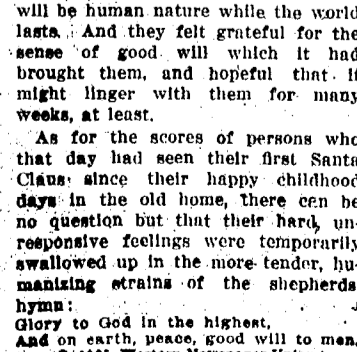
They became conscious that there is no soil so dark that it will not respond promptly to the sunshine and gladness of Christmas. The almost instantaneous change in the expressions of many faces was entirely convincing. Christmas had come, and again it had impressed the old, old message of peace and good will to men.

When the Pickeringns went back to their own comfortable home that night and sat in front of a welcome log fire they were conscious of wishing that this good spirit of Christmas might last throughout the entire year. It doesn't, of course, for human nature will be human nature while the world lasts. And they felt grateful for the sense of good will which it had brought them, and hopeful that it might linger with them for many weeks, at least.

As for the scores of persons who that day had seen their first Santa Claus, since their happy childhood days in the old home, there can be no question but that their hard, unresponsive feelings were temporarily swallowed up in the more tender, humanizing strains of the shepherd's hymn:

Glory to God in the highest, And on earth, peace, good will to men.

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